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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series.  
Volume VIII. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCVII.

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## COBWEBS.

Spider, spider! weave thy thread  
Over living, over dead;  
From early morn to sunset red,  
Spin, spider, spin.

Over palaces and graves,  
Over mounds where green grass waves,  
Where the stream the rushes laves,  
Spin, spider, spin.

Over hovels black with grime,  
Over many a scene of crime,  
Over many a deed sublime,  
Spin, spider, spin.

In late Autumn's pleasant days,  
With wide web and artful ways,  
Snaring every fly that strays,  
Spin, spider, spin.

Dead man stretched on lonely bier,  
Scarce a soul dare venture near,  
Feet pass quiet, steeped in fear,  
Spin, spider, spin.

Over sorrow, over mirth,  
Over everything on earth,  
Over death and over birth,  
Spin, spider, spin.

Spin; this cobwebby, old earth,  
For that purpose gave thee birth;  
Other deeds are nothing worth;  
Spin, spider, spin.

Chambers' Journal. ROSETTA TURNER.

## SUMMER'S SLEEP.

What though cold Winter's here,  
And woods are bleak and drear,  
Their naked branches pierce the leaden  
sky;

What though the birds have fled,  
The Summer's flowers are dead,  
Their rain-bruised blossoms all forgotten  
lie.

Though winds may mourn and rave,  
Skies weep o'er Summer's grave,  
Or drape it with a robe of snowy white,  
Nature but lies at rest,  
On sleep's life-giving breast,  
Till Spring's bright dawn dispels dark  
Winter's night.

And so the heart that lies  
Fettered by grief, shall rise  
To love and life by time's consoling hand;  
Love's flowers again shall bloom,  
And life its joys resume,  
With Summer in the heart and o'er the  
land.

Chambers' Journal.

W. F. D.

## THE CHIMES OF ANTWERP.

High o'er the sunlit market-place,  
Where busy workers come and go,  
From out the belfry's airy grace,  
There ring in accents sweet and low,  
Unfailing at the appointed times,  
The "tender and melodious chimes."

Entranced we stand, and, listening, hear  
The heavenly music in mid air;  
When lo! there falls upon the ear  
A note of terror and despair:  
A tone of grief and anguish dwells  
Within the sweetness of the bells.

For once, beneath the belfry's shade,  
The demons of this earth held sway,  
And fire, and sword, and rapine made  
A fury of a night and day;  
And while the chimes of Antwerp last,  
There echoes yet that dreadful past.

For still, whene'er the sweet bells ring  
Their message to the town below,  
Their tuneful voices seem to bring  
Some memory of that day of woe:  
The "old, unhappy, far-off" tale  
Arises like a breath of bale.

Chambers' Journal.

C. G.

## VIGIL.

As he who sought to win his knighthood  
stayed  
Watching at night beside the altar  
stair,

Kneeling in fast and prayer,  
So on each soul of man is laid  
Mandate of vigilance in night and gloom,  
Near God's high altar, near the voiceless  
tomb.

Whoso would shun the vigil and the fast,  
The fear and loneliness, shall never  
gain

His recompense from pain,  
Nor win its guerdon at the last.  
Only by weary watch and sorrow's stress  
Are won life's glory and its loveliness.

Academy.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

The little songs which come and go,  
In tender measures to and fro,  
Whene'er the day brings you to me,  
Keep my heart full of melody.

But on my lute I strive in vain  
To play the music o'er again.  
And you, dear love, will never know  
The little songs which come and go.

MRS. RADFORD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

To Patrick Henry and his contemporaries belong whatever honor there may be in having stirred the American colonies to revolt. To Washington is the infinitely greater glory of having conducted that revolution to an honorable and successful close. But the work so far had been that of destruction only. The past was broken with, it is true, but the future had to be considered; and the domestic chaos out of which that future had to be evolved seemed to thinking men more formidable than the British tax-gatherer and more threatening even than British bayonets.

It is no mere language of eulogy to say that Alexander Hamilton was the greatest statesman that America has produced. Yet it is only within comparatively recent years that his achievements and personality have been dealt with at any length by capable biographers.\* To few Englishmen probably does the sound of his name convey much meaning. Even in America, where an educated minority assign Hamilton a place to himself in their history above all his successors and, with one illustrious exception, all his contemporaries, it is doubtful if to the mass of the people his name is as familiar as that of more popular and showy politicians who followed or feebly opposed him. Talleyrand, who knew Hamilton and America well, repeatedly declared that he considered Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton the greatest men of that epoch, and that if he had to pronounce between the three he should without hesitation give the first place to Hamilton. This is strong language, but it helps at any rate to illustrate what an outstanding name his was at a period which Americans regard as the most conspicuous in their annals for political ability.

It was through his own famous periodical, the *Federalist*, that Hamil-

ton's masterly essays on Statesmanship became known to the world. They were reprinted in Europe and made a profound impression on those select circles who were capable of appreciating them. "They exhibit," it was said in the *Edinburgh Review*, "an extent and precision of information, a profundity of research and an accurateness of understanding that would have done honor to the most illustrious statesman of ancient or modern times." "For comprehensiveness of design," declares another English critic, "strength, clearness, and simplicity, they have no parallel, not excepting or overlooking those of Aristotle and Montesquieu, among the writings of men." Guizot declared that in the application of elementary principles of government to practical administration it was the greatest work known to him. And yet the subject of these eulogies was a colonist born and bred; unlike many of his contemporaries he had never even set foot in Europe. It seems strange that fame in a popular and vulgar sense has not been busier with Hamilton's memory. Of all the men of his day there are none whose career and personality are so calculated to stir the imagination. He was as precocious as the younger Pitt without a tithe of his advantages, and his versatility seems almost without parallel. He was attractive in person, winning in manner, melodious in voice, honorable and singleminded to an extent that even his bitterest enemies in their bitterest moments had grudgingly to admit. He was a brilliant advocate and an ardent soldier, skilful in discipline and brave in action. And all these virtues and accomplishments were added to those great gifts which made him easily the first statesman and financier of his day in America. If a dramatic touch were wanted to lift him still further above the somewhat commonplace level of most of his contemporaries, his assassination, for it was little less, in the very prime of life should supply it. For Hamilton may fairly be said to have died a martyr to his love of country and to his fearless denunciation of

\* The Life of Hamilton, by Chief-Justice Shea; Boston, 1879.

Alexander Hamilton, by H. C. Lodge (American Statesmen Series); New York, 1886.

those whom he conceived to be her enemies.

He was born in 1752 in the little West Indian island of Nevis. His father was James, son of Alexander Hamilton of Grange in Ayrshire by a daughter of Sir Robert Pollock. His mother was a French Huguenot, and from her he is said to have inherited in a great measure both his mental gifts and personal attractions. She died, however, when he was quite a child, and his father's affairs falling into disorder, the boy was cast early upon the world. His mother's relatives took charge of him, and in his thirteenth year he was placed in the office of a merchant at St. Croix. That his education had not been neglected and his precocity was considerable may be gathered from the somewhat remarkable epistle penned by him at this period to a young friend: "To confess my weakness, N—, my ambition is prevalent, so that I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk or the like to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character to exalt my station. I am confident that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity." But if young Hamilton was beating his wings against the bars of his West Indian counting-house, he was not, as some other great men in like situations, of no use there. On the contrary, extraordinary confidence seems to have been reposed in him, and shortly after entering the office he was left for some weeks in sole charge of the business. Letters of that time are extant in his handwriting, full of details and precise instructions to merchants and ship-owners. They are written in the first person and signed with his name as of one in sole authority, and fill one with amazement when one realizes that they are the work of a boy in his fifteenth year.

In St. Croix young Hamilton was fortunate in finding a scholarly Irish parson with whom he read the classics zealously. The necessities of his locality and his business had occa-

sioned him to speak and write French fluently, so that upon the whole he had a good foundation upon which to proceed to the more regular course of studies which now awaited him. For at fifteen his friends recognized his talents as so much out of the common that they decided to send him to New York, and give him the benefit of the best education that now powerful and opulent colony afforded. Proceeding thither armed with the best introductions, he was fortunate in finding a home with the Livingstones, the most distinguished family of British blood in the colony, and closely allied by marriage with the heads of the Dutch colonial aristocracy. From their manor-house in the neighborhood of the city he attended a good grammar-school for a couple of years, and went on in due course to King's College, New York, now known as Columbia, where he was chiefly noted for his intense application to study.

The Revolution was now at hand, and the atmosphere of all the colonies was charged with excitement. For a youth of Hamilton's brains and mental activity, a keen partisanship on one side or the other was inevitable. For a time he seems to have hesitated in his choice. New York at this time had a strong Tory element, and its government was wholly loyal. Some unknown influence, however (a visit to Boston, it is said, but more likely his own reasoning faculties and boyish ambition), turned Hamilton's sympathies to the colonial side, and from that moment he threw himself into the cause of independence with his whole heart and soul. His first appearance in public was at a large meeting convened in New York to protest generally against the policy of the mother-country. The future Founder of Empire was then an unknown student of seventeen. Nothing daunted, however, either by his lack of years or reputation, he waited patiently till the notable speakers had finished their orations, and then, mounting the platform, he proceeded to harangue the crowd with such success as to establish himself at

once as something of a public character. A war of pamphlets was fiercely raging between the two parties who were so soon to engage in a deadlier strife. The Tories had so far somewhat the best of this, and had delivered some printed challenges to which no adequate replies had yet been forthcoming. A thunderbolt at last descended upon their heads in the shape of an exhaustive and masterly arraignment of their attitude, which delighted the Revolutionists; and when it was discovered that the anonymous author was the youthful Hamilton, the stir was sufficient to have turned a less steady head.

Pamphlets and orations, however, soon gave place to sterner implements of war. Volunteer corps had long been in existence, and to one of these Hamilton had attached himself, to some purpose it would seem, for at the outbreak of war he was appointed to the command of an artillery corps raised by the province. He was then just nineteen, and was to prove himself as adroit in soldiering as he had already done in the elements of commerce and politics. When active operations broke out he at once attracted attention by the smartness and vigor with which he handled his men. When Washington, with his still raw troops, was making his memorable retreat through New Jersey at the point of the British bayonets, Hamilton, then unknown to his chief, delighted him on more than one occasion by the way he protected the rear with his battery and checked the confident pursuers. His gallantry on this retreat caused Washington to seek out the young artillery officer, and at the first convenient moment to make him his aide-de-camp. "Well do I remember," said a participant in those events to Washington Irving, "the day when Hamilton's company marched into Princeton. It was a model of discipline. At their head was a boy and I wondered at his youth, but what was my surprise when, struck with the slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we had already heard so much." "I noticed,"

says another spectator, "a youth, a mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought, with his hand resting on a cannon, and every now and then gently patting it as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything."

The war came a few years too soon for Hamilton to achieve the military fame of which it seems likely that he was capable. It was just as well, for future years and a different work were waiting for him, and if we have to pass briefly by his military career, it is in no sense because the latter was not sufficiently brilliant for his youth and opportunities. For, after winning his way into Washington's household, he passed rapidly to the confidential and important post of military secretary, and gained the lifelong friendship and respect of his great chief. To his ready and able pen was committed, throughout the most trying periods of the war, the whole of Washington's correspondence, under circumstances in which words had to be weighed and susceptibilities considered in a fashion far beyond that required of a commander serving a strong or established government.

It soon came to be recognized throughout the army that Hamilton was no mere amanuensis. It was not only his lucid style which was utilized by the commander-in-chief, but, boy though he was in years, his individuality soon began to take shape in the mass of correspondence that passed through his hands. Though not a leader, he became a personage in the war, without which no picture of it would be complete. And this was no wonder, seeing that he was amusing himself in his leisure hours by writing essays on national finance to Morris, who eagerly read and valued them, while he was struggling to feed the depleted exchequer for which he was at the time responsible. Through all Washington's campaigns Hamilton was at his side; but a trifling and temporary disagreement caused him to resign his secretaryship near the close of the war.

This was more than compensated for, however, by the separate command which Washington gave him at Yorktown, where he had the honor of leading the assault upon the British out-works in that last sharp struggle.

At the close of the war Hamilton found himself penniless save for those arrears of pay which looked at the time almost hopeless of realization. He had just married a Miss Schuyler, of a famous New York family, daughter of the general and granddaughter of that excellent lady from whose hospitable mansion at Albany so many British officers had gone forth twenty years before to the fatal field of Ticonderoga. Hamilton's father-in-law now offered him assistance, but with characteristic independence he declined it and applied himself at once with all his energies to the study of the law. At that moment politics offered no field whatever, more especially to a man who had to earn his bread. There was no money and there was scarcely a government. Congress had deteriorated almost out of recognition. The loosely knit confederacy lay gasping and well-nigh paralyzed by the military successes which it had done so little to facilitate, and by a consequent load of responsibility to which it was hopelessly unequal. At the opening of the war men had cried in their enthusiasm, like Patrick Henry at Richmond, "I am no longer a Virginian, but an American;" now, when the great peril was removed that all could see and dread, and dangers of a more subtle and complex kind had taken their place, the same men began to remind the weak shadow of what had once been a notable assembly that they were Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and what not first, and Americans afterwards. The average provincial politician was dazzled with a success in which he almost believed himself to have had a hand. He certainly had more than his share of political capacity in a limited sense, but these limits did not include the founding of a nation out of thirteen distinct commonwealths in the face of a disturbed Europe whose shadow

reached threateningly across the Atlantic. State jealousies waxed and warmed with the removal of physical danger. Among much that was admirable ugly features had developed during a long, tedious war, in which a fraction only of the people fought, and a minority in all probability had directly suffered. A drifting policy seemed the order of the day, and disruption grew within measurable distance. All this Hamilton, as he worked hard at his law-books, saw and lamented. He turned naturally, in the mean time, to the profession that best suited his genius, and waited for that call to public life which he knew would surely come. In due course and in the year 1782 he was admitted to the Bar, and in the same year was elected to Congress and appointed continental receiver of taxes for the state of New York. This appointment, as a preliminary to greater things, was, with Hamilton's fierce contempt for provincial obstructions to national unity, by no means uncongenial. It will be sufficient here to state that in this invidious task he was conspicuously successful.

Hamilton's first session in Congress brought home to him more forcibly than ever the desperate state of the country. The decay of patriotism in its nobler sense shocked him. The sectional selfishness, the financial dishonesty, coupled with the unfitness of the legislators to arrest that catastrophe to which the new launched ship of State seemed already hastening, filled him with disgust and dread. How to irritate England, how to prostrate themselves before France; how to shuffle out of their just debts, including the very payment of the army which had created them, and how to hunt down and persecute Tories, seemed to Hamilton the highest aims of the precious Assembly into which the famous Congress of former years had sunk.

He wasted no time, but with a scathing eloquence, that lost none perhaps of its force from the well-remembered melody of the voice that uttered it, attacked the apathy which was personi-



fied on the benches around him. He was only twenty-five, with far more experience, it is true, than such a period of life usually finds itself in possession of, but with a greater gift even than experience, the gift of genius. His was one of those rare intellects that seemed to divine by intuition what to ordinary men can come by experience alone. As a mere boy, in the intervals of letter-writing and fighting on Washington's staff, he had amused himself by sketching out the financial schemes that were ultimately to save America; he now carried, though the time to produce it had not yet arrived, much of the new constitution of the United States in his pocket. In this old Congress there was no one to match him; but eloquence and plain speaking were thrown away on that moribund assembly, and it was in other quarters, moreover, that Hamilton would have to look for effective co-operation in those schemes of Federal Unity which filled his vision.

At home in New York he arose easily and quickly into fame as a lawyer. His first notable speech was in defence of a Tory who had incurred the special hatred of the patriot mob. In his spare hours his busy pen threw off pamphlets illustrative of his views on the various measures which he conceived to be so urgent for the safety of the country. He helped to found the State Bank, and was mainly instrumental in forming the military society of the Cincinnati in which the populace, with howls of alarm, scented the germs of oligarchy and aristocracy. He gathered round him some staunch allies and devoted admirers; but he made also many bitter enemies whose fear of him was so great that they actually, it is said, concocted a scheme for calling him out one after another till he fell.

An opportunity now showed itself. Virginia in a dreamy fashion invited the other States to send delegates to discuss the somewhat elementary step to National Unity of Commercial Uniformity. Four States only took sufficient interest in the matter to respond at all; but Hamilton, shrewdly guess-

ing he might make this sleepy affair a starting point for movements of more serious import, secured the co-operation of his own State, and got himself, without much difficulty, appointed a delegate. During the meeting he drafted an address to the country at large, setting forth in forcible terms its dangerous condition and urging all States to send delegates armed with general powers to a great convention. His address was adopted by the small company present, and the first stone of the American Constitution was laid. Hamilton's own State was deplorably provincial, and obstructive to a degree as regards national affairs. At an earlier period, in spite of his entreaties, it had actually refused to vote any supplies to Congress. It consented now, however, to send three delegates to the convention, with a view to discussing the future, though without, probably, any serious, and certainly with no definite intentions. Hamilton, with great difficulty as a notorious Centralist, got himself appointed as third representative; and this was only possible in view of the fact that the States were to vote corporately and not by individual representatives; and as the other two delegates were resolute to do nothing, his own vote would be powerless.

The Convention met in May, 1787, and nine States put in an appearance. Hamilton was thankful to have achieved this much, and, anxious not to unnecessarily irritate his own colleagues and the majority in his own State, he contributed very little to the first and least important days of this momentous discussion. But he found himself in the company of many of the leading minds of the country, and upon them he brought to bear in private the whole weight of his personal influence. So far as the Convention was concerned he reserved his power for one great effort, and in a speech which made a profound impression on the assembly, he detailed in a masterly and exhaustive manner his views on government. He had no hope of seeing his scheme for a Constitution

adopted in its entirety, or the powers he asked for handed over by the timorous representatives of the nine suspicious provinces. That the president and Senate, among other things, should be elected for life and elected only by freeholders struck terror, as may well be imagined, into the minds of people to whom popular government in its widest sense had become almost a fetish. They had forgotten, if indeed they had ever understood, that Washington had succeeded in spite of, rather than with the aid of the National Legislation. But Hamilton had not forgotten; as Washington's secretary no man in America had been brought in closer contact with popular assemblies and their ways in time of national danger. Congress, it is true, had probably by this time begun to suspect that they were no longer the admiration of the world; but Hamilton and his friends had more than a suspicion that they were fast becoming its laughing-stock, and felt keenly the ignominy of the position. He had no hope of seeing his own strong measures literally embodied in the new Constitution: he was fully prepared for the compromise which in the circumstances was inevitable; but by his strenuous advocacy of the national ideal in opposition to the provincialism so widely prevalent, he greatly strengthened the draft of the Constitution, which was finally adopted by the Philadelphia Convention for submission to the various States. His fellow-delegates from New York either felt that he was too much for them or that the whole question itself was beyond their powers; at any rate they went home before the close of the Convention, and Hamilton signed alone on behalf of his State. With the draft itself he was anything but satisfied. All that is now recognized as the best in the American Constitution is credited to Hamilton's inspiration, but to its many imperfections he was keenly alive. In the frequency of elections, in the precarious tenure of high offices and their subserviency to mob favor, he foresaw that debasement and corruption which has so often and so

sadly discredited American politics. In the tenderness with which States' rights were treated he recognized those grave dangers to national safety and unity which, after threatening the country more than once in its very infancy, eventually plunged it into the most terrible war of modern times.

Hamilton, however, was well satisfied to have got a Constitution, even though an imperfect one, upon paper at all. But this step was a mere preliminary one. The real struggle, the question of adoption, had now to be fought out in every provincial legislature, and Hamilton could of course take part in one only of these many contests. It was perhaps fortunate that he was a New Yorker. This province, though not individually the most powerful, had a special importance from its geographical position in the centre of the country; and no other man in America could have won over a State so wholly devoted to provincialism and Anti-Federal ideas as New York then seemed to be. Her legislators were not wanting in ability, but all the ability was ranged in opposition to the new Constitution. Hamilton, however, was in no way daunted, and making his private work secondary to what he conceived to be his public duties, he prepared to face the overwhelming odds. The legislature of which he was a member was shortly to meet. Preparatory to the session, the party opposed to the Constitution organized against it a paper crusade. No step could have been more ill-advised; they had overlooked a common saying of that day, that he who put himself on paper with Hamilton was lost. Upon this occasion these provincial pamphleteers brought upon their heads the first instalment of those famous essays which Guizot has called the greatest work of their kind known to him. They provoked in short the ever notable *Federalist*, which fell like a sledge-hammer on those comparatively puny pamphleteers on the banks of the Hudson. But the *Federalist* did far more than this; it circulated freely throughout the whole of America and began

gradually to sap that majority which on paper had looked so overwhelming.

The struggle in the New York Legislature reads like a political fairy-tale. In a house of sixty-five members Hamilton found forty-five actively opposed to him. Day after day, however, the young Federalist was upon his feet and with untiring energy and persuasive eloquence confronted the solid phalanx of his enemies. Signs of defection in their ranks began to show themselves; one after another the other States gave in their adhesion to the new Constitution; nine had already ratified, and now the news that Virginia had done so, in spite of the vehement opposition of Patrick Henry, roused the ardor of the swelling minority in New York. Fired with enthusiasm by this unexpected triumph of his great project, Hamilton made the last important public speech of his life. When he had finished a scene ensued that is perhaps unique in the history of Anglo-Saxon political strife. For the leader of the opposition rose and with generous and unprecedented candor declared that Hamilton had converted him and he should vote for the Constitution. A division followed which resulted in a majority of three in favor of ratification, and with his joyful news Hamilton hastened to Congress.

Of the many grave questions which the first Congress under the new Constitution had to face, the finance of the country was by far the gravest. There was no hesitation for a moment as to whom the solution of this difficult problem should be entrusted, and Hamilton, answering with ready alacrity his country's call and cheerfully giving up his lucrative practice at the Bar, undertook the formidable work of the Treasury Department at an almost nominal salary. A confused mass of accounts, a chaos of accumulated arrears, a hundred loosened threads, the tightening of each one of which would gall some private interest, were thrown into Hamilton's firm and fearless grip. Washington had profound confidence in his friend and former secretary; but the task seemed to him

and to others conversant with the state of affairs, too great even for Hamilton's genius. The new secretary of the treasury, however, proved himself equal to it, and in 1790, in his thirty-second year, he presented the masterly report upon the public credit out of which, says his best known biographer, "sprang the whole financial basis upon which the government of the United States rests to-day."

The debt of the old confederacy, small as it now seems, appeared to the Americans of 1790 truly stupendous. Hamilton divided it into three classes, foreign, domestic, and that incurred by the various States. It was the assumption of the last that opened the flood-gates of sectional and party jealousy. The party of States' rights opposed it on the very ground that Hamilton pressed it, namely that of strengthening the central government by binding to it as creditor the influential moneyed classes. All his other measures, some because generally popular or logically irresistible, some by his own indomitable energy or powerful pen, he easily carried. In the matter of the State debts, however, he had but a bare majority, and this at the division was swept away by the members from the ignorant and backward State of North Carolina, which had only just accepted the Constitution. Hamilton was in despair. He was not given to lobbying, but he felt that the inopportune advent of such dullards at such a crisis was a case for strong measures. Now the opponents of Hamilton's federal policy were mostly Southern, and at this time Jefferson had become decidedly the most influential politician south of the Potomac. Though an Anti-Federalist, he was not yet such a violent one or so inimical to Hamilton personally as he afterwards became, and was, moreover, in common with most of the Southern party, just now greatly concerned about the locality of the national capital, and eagerly urging the site which it now occupies. The North not unnaturally were in favor of a higher latitude, and there was some-

thing of a deadlock. Hamilton thought the matter unimportant in comparison with those schemes for national solvency that he had at heart. He asked Jefferson to dinner, and promised that the new capital should be on the Potomac if Jefferson would use his influence with the South in the matter of the State debts. The latter, who was quite ignorant of finance, agreed; a bargain was struck, Hamilton's measures were carried through Congress, and the capital was established on its present site.

The opposition to Hamilton, among that party who were afterwards known as Democrats, was very great, and none the less bitter because they felt they had no one to face him. They accused him of favoring England and her institutions, and of aiming at the establishment of an aristocracy. Patrick Henry, who had violently combated the Constitution, declared he was squinting at monarchy. There was a considerable party in America, more or less represented by Jefferson, whose notions of political economy were singularly crude. They professed to regard manufactures as a national curse, and to consider that the greatness of the new republic would be best realized by a nation of farmers pure and simple, whose requirements would be limited to those articles that could be created inside the plantation fence. Hamilton, they declared, with his schemes for promoting commerce and manufactures, wished to corrupt their simple Arcady. As yet they had not even got a name under which to organize a resistance; as Anti-Federalists, however, and under the lead of the crafty Jefferson, they resorted to every conceivable measure but that of logic. No one for a moment doubted Hamilton's high integrity, but again and again the opposition, in hopes of finding some flaw, called for his accounts. They organized newspapers to libel him; but the libels were laughed at, except by their author, on whom they rebounded in a fashion that made it for a time very disagreeable indeed for Jefferson. Hamilton, and the Federal party he

had built up, were in truth too strong for such feeble tactics, and were growing stronger. They had the confidence of the country; they had restored its credit; the vast number of persons who held government securities and had despaired of them, now looked on the head of the Treasury as their saviour. But far beyond this a feeling of national honor and true patriotism was kindled by Hamilton's enthusiasm and lofty public spirit. Washington was with him heart and soul. Foreign countries began to speak and act more respectfully: England sent a minister; and when the French Revolution developed its horrors, the extremists discovered to their chagrin that, while the less educated class in America shouted itself hoarse in caps of liberty, the government was in the hands of men who openly showed their disgust, and met the imperious demands for an alliance with a curt but dignified refusal. It was then that both Washington and Hamilton were assailed in louder tones than ever as Anglophiles; and yet it is characteristic of the noisy democracy that, when shortly afterwards England became somewhat high-handed, it was Hamilton who took practical measures for resistance, and Jefferson who opposed them.

An incident known in American history as the Whiskey Rebellion was one of the earlier results of the Federal Administration, and was much more serious than the name would suggest. The borderers of the South-West, to whom free whiskey had been a valued if pernicious inheritance, and taxes of any kind little more than a name, met Hamilton's excise-officers by reaching down the long rifles that hung over every mantelshelf and turning out by thousands with loud threats of defiance and secession. They were ugly customers and the situation was serious. There was no dallying with timid vote-calculating governors of States on that occasion, such as we too often see now in like emergencies beyond the Atlantic. Washington and Hamilton marched straight for the mountains at the head of fifteen thousand men, and

before such an irresistible force the rebellion collapsed without a shot being fired.

After six years of office Hamilton retired. He had inaugurated and successfully nursed the new Constitution; but he was a poor man, and could no longer afford to neglect a profession which in his case offered an almost certain road to wealth. When at the same time Washington's last term of office expired, Hamilton was recognized by all as too strong and leading a personality for the succession. He left the Federal party to his friend and colleague, Adams, of necessity perhaps rather than with confidence. The party were immensely strong, it is true; but Adams and his friends lacked not only the genius, but the fair and well-balanced mind, the wise statesmanship, in short, of Hamilton. How power and success turned their heads and brought upon them ultimate defeat at the hands of Jefferson, is no business of ours; but while Hamilton was carrying everything before him at the New York Bar, times were troublous in the young republic. England, with whom many unsettled questions were still pending, contrived to provoke the wrath of the Americans to such a pitch, that it required all Washington's influence and his contempt for popularity to avert a war. When this danger had passed another arose in the capricious moods of the French republic, whose repeated insults wore out the patience of even their noisiest friends in America till the nation was almost unanimous for war with their old allies. Washington was once more called from his retirement at Mount Vernon to the chief command of the army; Hamilton was summoned from the law-courts to take the second place, but owing to Washington's advanced age and his own stipulations, he took the practical leadership till war should actually break out. Once again was Hamilton immersed in public business, organizing the army and the defence of the country, and preparing for the invasion of Louisiana and Florida. The French, however, wisely

considered that they had enough on their hands without plunging into a distant war in which they had everything to lose and little to gain, and the crisis passed over.

It was in 1800 that the once powerful Federal party collapsed. Hamilton's guiding hand had long been removed, and it was in vain that he threw himself with fiery zeal into the elections to avert defeat. If he despaired of his country when he saw Jefferson, dangerous demagogue as he considered him, elected its chief citizen, he had not much time to brood over it in the mass of legal work that came to his hands; for it can be well imagined how great was the demand for an advocate who was the chief author of the *Federalist*, and had practically given a Constitution to the United States. Yet once more was Hamilton to show his single-minded patriotism, and that in the very hour of his party's downfall. Aaron Burr was coupled with Jefferson in the Democratic candidature; their votes were equal, and the House of Representatives had to decide which should be president and which vice-president. The defeated Federalists proposed to revenge themselves on Jefferson by casting their votes for Burr. The former had given Hamilton, of all men, most cause to hate him, by the personal virulence with which he had attacked his reputation; Burr was entirely unknown to him, but he considered him unfit to be even mentioned for so great an office, and, exerting all his influence, he secured the election of his most persistent foe as third president of the United States.

This action was characteristic of Hamilton, and it perhaps signed his death-warrant; but it was not till later that the cup of Burr's wrath was actually filled. Hamilton had no personal feelings whatever in regard to Burr; but he believed him to be an unprincipled scamp, and when he stood for the governorship of New York in 1804, Hamilton felt it to be his duty to secure his defeat if possible, and succeeded in doing so. Thus, twice baffled, Burr decided to shoot



Hamilton, and, selecting some personal allusion in the latter's recent speeches, sent him a challenge. There was not much duelling at that time in America; Hamilton, curiously enough, had been most energetic in trying to suppress it entirely when at the head of the army; but he never hesitated for a moment about accepting the challenge, though Burr was a man of somewhat tarnished character and a notoriously good hand with a pistol. He spent the interval before the meeting in setting his own affairs and those of his clients in order, and in writing letters of affection and devotion to his wife. Burr spent it in pistol-practice in his garden. They met upon a hot July morning in a spot specially dedicated to such affairs by the banks of the Hudson, and where Hamilton's own son, strange to say, had recently met his fate. Hamilton fell at the first shot mortally wounded. Burr was untouched, and lived to be put upon his trial for high treason against his country, and to talk, with pride rather than remorse, of "how I shot my friend Hamilton."

Very different was the feeling that arose from Canada to the Carolinas when the news went out that Hamilton had fallen before the pistol of the ex-vice president and expired after a few hours of terrible agony. The indignation aroused throughout the country was tremendous. Men of every party and all shades of opinion forgot their differences for a moment and remembered only that a true patriot and a great statesman had been foully destroyed. This memorable duel was in fact, from its circumstances, a moral murder on the part of Burr, who became an object of general execration. As for Hamilton, though only forty-seven years of age, the business of his life had been done. Anything that he might have accomplished in the future, had he been allowed the usual span of human existence, must of necessity have been overshadowed by the great and enduring work that will be forever identified with his name.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"OWD LADS."

The great bell clanged out jubilantly: half past five. Leaving-off time. The horses, plodding patiently down the brown stretch which was in time to be a corn-field, quickened their steps a little that they might get to the end of the furrow the sooner; yonder in the pleasure-ground the garden-boys tilted up their watering-cans hastily, splashing each other, and giving the mignonette-bed an undue portion of the refreshing stream in their haste to be gone. The old carpenter went on tranquilly planing the door-panel he had in hand; but his assistant, young and sprightly, glowing, moreover, with the consciousness that a certain likely lass of his acquaintance was awaiting him at the entrance to the village, flung down hammer and nails and seized his coat.

"Bell's gone!" he shouted to his chief as he passed, thrusting his arms into the sleeves; but the other merely looked up sourly and went on with his task.

Out in the wide beech-bordered avenue a couple of very old men were slowly and painfully hoeing the intrusive grass which had overspread its gravelled surface. They wore clogs, corduroy trousers tied below the knee with string, and brown cardigan jackets a good deal frayed and faded. Both had blue eyes, grey fringes of whisker, and complexions of a brownish-yellow tinge, which, added to a certain stolidity of expression, caused their faces to look as though they were carved in wood; both wore fur caps a trifle mangle, well pulled down over the ears. Their coats, carefully folded and laid on the grass beside them, seemed alike in color and material: as the old fellows progressed in their task they carefully "shifted" these garments, now one man turning back for the purpose, and now the other. They might have been twins, so closely did they resemble each other; but they were not even brothers, merely cronies, who from years of constant companionship had grown alike in thought and



habit, and even in appearance. There was but one difference between them: Tommy Vose did not see very well, and Will Barnes was rather hard of hearing. Tommy, therefore, was the first to apprise Will that it was leaving-off-time.

"Eh," said Will, "I thought it mun be gettin' on for't. Shadders is grooin' lung."

"Ah," agreed Tommy, glancing round, "so they are, lad, so they are."

Will chuckled to himself, "A body'd fancy th' owd chap could see 'em," he muttered. Tommy's anxiety to make light of his blindness was a great joke to Will, and the consciousness of his own superior sharpness of vision an unfailing source of satisfaction to him.

Simultaneously straightening their backs, they shuffled to the spot where their coats lay, and stiffly stooping, each assumed his own.

"Ground's dowey," said Tommy.

"Eh?" asked Will.

"Ground's dowey," repeated Tom, in a roar. "Eh, thou'rt gettin' turble bad at 'earin', lad. Thou'rt warsenin' fur sure. Well, coom," raising his voice again, "let's be toddlin'."

Toddle they did, having first, with the forethought born of their years and rheumatics, and fostered by long tolerance and even laxness on the part of the authorities, hidden their hoes among the neighboring evergreens, thus saving themselves the extra quarter of a mile's tramp which would have been necessitated by a return with them to the tool-shed. They trudged slowly and soberly along the path which led to the village, lifting their heavily shod feet but a little way off the ground, and swaying from side to side as they walked. They did not speak to each other—in fact they very seldom did. Tommy's remark about the bell had broken a silence which had lasted since dinner-time, and even then Will had only enlivened the meal by observing "Cheese is rayther strong," and his comrade had responded sarcastically that he was "gettin' meeterly tickle at stoomach."

As they shambled over the cobble-

stones in the village proper, they were overtaken by a couple of their fellow-workmen who were talking loudly and excitedly.

"Hello, Will!" cried one, "got th' bag yet?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled the old man, catching the words for once, and showing all his toothless gums in an appreciative grin. "Naw, I haven't, Ed'ard. I've nobbut bin wortchin' 'ere a matter o' forty-five year, thou knows. That's all. Nay, nay, they'll scarce notice me."

"Well, th' talk is as th' new squire's fur turnin' out all as doesn't raly belong to the property. 'Theer's twice too many laborers fur th' size o' th' estate,' says the bailliff to Joe here, 'an' nat'rally,' says he, 'Sir John mun gie th' preference to his own tenants. I'm sorry for ye,' says he, 'but it cannot be 'elped.' So poor Joe's to look out fur a place as soon's he con. An' Richard Billington, he's gettin' th' sack too an' Bob Norris."

"Eh," said Tommy, clacking his tongue, pleasantly exhilarated by hearing bad news which did not personally affect him. "Eh my, what changes! Well, I were born o' th' property, an' wortched 'ere mon an' boy fur nigh upon seventy year, an' my feyther before me, an' my gron'feyther. An' I've paid rent fur yon little cot o' mine fur fifty-seven year. Ah, I have. Eh, dear a' me! If Sir Gilbert was livin' t'ud be lung afore he'd ha' let they things be done. Poor Richard Billington! my word, he'd be takken' to! He would thot. Sir John hasn't no understandin' o' country ways—a reg'lar town gentleman he is, they say—he'll never be half th' mon his uncle was—an' they say th' new bailliff's cruel 'ard."

"He is thot," growled the other. "How mun I feed my childer?" says Joe, welly cryin'. "Do th' best yo'r con," says Penley, h'istin' up's shoulders. "It's yo'r lookout," says he. "I mun do th' best I con fur yo'r mester," says he. "Twere a bad job fur us all yo' coom here," says Joe. He didn't care nowt about th' chap if he were to go, yo'

known, so he says it out, like a mon—an' loud enough too—didn't 'ee, Joe?"

"Eh, I did," said Joe, with a kind of melancholy triumph. "He's 'eerd th' truth as how't is."

"Well, it'll not bring a blessin'," opined Tommy. "It wunnot, lad. Eh, owd Sir Gilbert 'ull be turnin' in's grave."

Meanwhile old Will had tramped off again, and Vose, with a parting nod expressive of goodwill and commiseration, hastily hobbled after him. His unwonted garrulous mood caused him to shout out one or two comments on the recently heard news, but finding that his comrade did not respond, he relapsed into taciturnity.

In time they arrived at the cottage rented by Tommy, where Will had lodged ever since he had begun to work on the estate, so many years ago now that they scarcely remembered their previous separate existence. "Our missus" they had both called the late Mrs. Vose, who while she lived, poor soul! had "washed and mended them," and "done for them," and "barged at" them when they required it, with the utmost impartiality. "Our place" they mutually designated the tiny white-washed house, though as a matter of fact Tommy paid rent for it, and Will paid him a certain weekly sum for board and lodging. Or rather, to be accurate, Tommy paid himself, it having been his custom for years to draw Will's wage at the same time as his own on the weekly pay-day, both sums being taken possession of by "Th' missus" while she lived, and expended as she considered advisable for the earners thereof. Mrs. Vose, being a prudent and strong-willed woman, preferred laying out the money herself, and it was in her day that the two cronies first began to dress alike. Now, though she was gone, the custom survived. Tommy kept the purse and made all necessary purchases. It was so much simpler and easier for one man to go into a shop and say, "We's ha two o' them, an' a couple o' yon, an' fower pairs o' they socks," pointing to the re-

quired articles with a decided forefinger, than for each to go a-shopping on his own account. They divided the indoor labor of the little establishment, Tommy on this occasion blowing up the fire and making the tea, while Will laid the table. As they sat opposite each other, the latter, vigorously stirring his tea, chuckled to himself.

"I cannot 'elp but think of Ed'ard Prescott," he said. "'Han yo' gotten th' bag?" says he. Ho! ho!"

Tommy, who had been blowing into his saucer, and was now slowly sucking up its steaming contents, stared hard at his friend over the rim.

"How lung hasto bin worthin' 'ere, says-to?" he inquired, as he set it down at length.

"Goin' on five-an'-forty year," responded Will promptly.

"Ah, so thou has—an' lived i' th' one place all the time. Eh, thou'rt as good as a tenant o' Sir John's if thou artna a tenant. But thou was born Ormskirk-way-on, wern't thou?"

"Ah," assented Will; "I were born at Aughton yon. My feyther were a Manchester mon, an' my mother coom fro' Liverpool, but I allus call mysel' an Ormskirk mon."

"So I've yerd thee say," observed Tommy, and thereupon fell into a brown study.

Next morning, as the couple approached the scene of their daily labors, whom should they find awaiting them but Mr. Penley, the new bailiff.

"Ten minutes late, my men, he called out as they drew near.

"Well, an' ten minutes isn't so bad for owd folks same as us," responded Tommy pleasantly, and in no way quickening his pace. "I reckon when yo'n gotten the rheumatics yo'rsel' yo'll happen find it a bit 'ard to turn out afore day-leet."

"If you are too old to keep your time you should be too honest to take your full day's wage. Come—get to work; where are your tools, Barnes?"

"We's find th' tools reet enough when we're ready, mester," returned Will, who had been leisurely divesting himself of his coat, and now shambléd

across the grass to the place where the hoes were bestowed.

"Is that where you keep them? you lazy old beggar!" shouted the bailiff, irritated beyond measure by his manner.

"Soomtimes one place an' soomtimes another," said Will, adding with an explanatory smile, "It saves a dale o' time, goin' back'ards an' for'ards, to keep 'em handy."

"And look at the result!" cried Penley. "Red with rust—and the handle rotting away."

"'Tisn't a very good pience o' timber, I doubt," observed Will, surveying his implement critically. "Soom las'es twice th' time of others. Nay, 'tisn't good timber."

"I should like to know what timber would stand that kind of usage," said the bailiff roughly. "I will have no more of it—you understand, Vose? Take your tools back to the shed every night when you have finished work. Do you hear?"

"It'll waste a dale o' time," grumbled Tommy. "Mester Woods never found no fault wi' us fur lettin' 'em bide i' th' bushes."

"I dare say—Mr. Woods was pretty easy-going all round. Perhaps that's one reason why everything in the place is going to rack and ruin. But these ways won't do for me. I owe a duty to my employer, and I mean to do it. So you'll just do as I tell you, Vose. As for you, Barnes, after this week you won't be required here."

Will stood staring at him with a vacant smile; if he heard, he did not understand.

"The old fellow's deaf, isn't he?" said Penley; then, raising his voice, "Do you hear what I say? You won't be wanted here after Saturday."

Will gaped at him.

"I'm noan to coom to wark o' Monday?"

"No."

"Well," said Will, smiling again, but anxiously, "an' thot's a funny thing. When mun I coom again, Mester Penley?"

"You needn't come at all. You are

not wanted here any more. We employ too many men for the size of the place—and the estate can't stand it. Sir John is obliged to part with all except his own tenants. He can't employ every one, so he draws the line there."

"What's he sayin'?" asked Will, turning helplessly to his friend. Tommy was incapable of answering him. He stood as though transfixed, his woodeny face more wooden than ever, his jaw dropping. Will came a step nearer the bailiff and laid his hand on his sleeve.

"Spakin' o' this 'ere hoe," he said tremulously. "See yo', Mester Penley, it isna my fault 'at it's gone rotten. It were allus a bad bit o' wood. But I's tak' it round t' th' tool-shed o' neets, if thot's all. An' yo' can stop th' price out o' my wage if yo'n a mind."

"It is not on account of the hoe," returned Penley hastily. "I should have given you notice in any case. Sir John can't afford to keep so many laborers."

"Sir John cannot afford my bit o' wage?"

"Yours and a good many others too. You are not the only one. In future he only intends to employ his own tenants."

"I've wretched on this 'ere estate for forty-five year," said Will brokenly.

"Well, I am sorry for you, but it can't be helped. We can't break the rule for you."

The old man stared at him a moment or two, blinking his blue eyes; and then feebly stooping for his hoe, began to scrape at the weed-grown surface of the road. Presently he paused.

"I'd be willin' to coom fur less," he observed tentatively.

"Can't be done," replied Penley, and anxious to put an end to a scene which he found painful, he walked away.

When his wiry, active form was out of sight the two cronies looked at each other, and Tommy, waking as if from a dream, drew nearer his companion.

"Lad," said he, "theer's a mistake. Sir John wouldn't notice thee if he knowed. We mun tell him thou's bin

o' th' property so long—an' as good as a tenant."

"He's i' Lunnnon," whimpered Will, and then he fell a-sobbing like a child. "I've—worthed 'ere five-an'-forty year!" he said. In the sudden terrible upheaval of all around him, this was the one piece of solid ground which remained beneath his feet.

"We's write to him," cried Tommy. "We's send him a line to let him know yon chap's goin's-on. Very like it's him as 'ull get th' bag when Sir John hears on't."

Will looked up admiringly, the tears still on his wrinkled cheeks, but a doubtful smile beginning to creep about his trembling old lips.

"Eh—doesto think it?"

"I'm sure on't. Sir John's a chip o' th' owd block when all's said an' done. He knows nowt o' yon felly's doin's; but we's tell him."

Will laughed shrilly.

"Ah, we's tell him—an' then we'll see summat. Eh, Tommy, I'd be fain to get a seet o' Penley's back."

He was comparatively cheerful during the rest of the day, though his pallid face and trembling limbs betrayed that the shock had told on him.

Tommy looked at him dubiously when the bell rang at half past five.

"Best be off a-whoam," he said. "I'll tak' these here tools back to th' shed, and foller thee. An' I'll fetch our Jim along o' me to write th' letter."

Will obeyed without protest, Tommy looking after him anxiously.

"Th' owd lad 'ull not be fur wortchin' mleh onywhere if he dunnot look up. He dunnot stan' knockin' about."

Little Jim, Tommy's nephew, was easily lured from home by the prospect of a jam-buttery, and on being further promised twopenny to buy sugar-sticks, jubilantly consented to act as scribe. Duly furnished with pen, ink, and paper—objects not to be looked for in Tommy's establishment—the pair set off with solemn and important faces, Will awaiting them in no small excitement.

Jim sat himself down at once, spreading out his paper eagerly, and

dipping his pen in the ink with a flourish.

"Well, what mun I say? How mun I begin?"

"'Ark at th' lad!" cried his uncle admiringly. "He'd be fur writin' straight off, I welly believe! Eh, but thou mun ha' patience—we mun think, thou knows. Now, Will, owd brid, what saysto 'Honored Sir,' to start wi'?"

"Nay, nay," mumbled Will; "t'ud be well enough fur a beginnin', but I'm a plain mon, an' I doubt I couldn't keep it up. Write 'Dear Sir John,' Jimmy, theer's a good lad."

"Eh, thou'd never be fur *dearin'* a barrowknight!" cried Tommy, much scandalized. "He'd think thou was makkin' a dale too free."

"Hasto wrote 'Dear Sir John'?" asked Will, without noticing him.

"Theer, Jimmy," said Tommy peremptorily, "just put 'Honored Sir,' an' ha' done wi't."

Jimmy, being an ingenious lad, solved the difficulty by writing *Honored Sir* on the top of the page, and *Dear Sir John* immediately beneath it; adding on his own responsibility, "*I hope you are quite well!*"—the invariable juvenile formula in beginning a letter.

"Now then," cried Will, warming to his subject, "tell him as Mester Penley is not givin' satisfaction 'ere—fur from it."

"Nay, lad, nay, best start wi' sayin' as Will'um Barnes 'as just gotten notice to leave an' niver look'd for't, an' he's been wortchin' 'ere forty-five year."

"Ah," said Will, "tell him thot, but begin wi' sayin' as Penley isn't givin' satisfaction."

*Scratch, scratch* went on Jimmy's pen, very fine and slanty in the up-strokes, whereas the down-strokes had rather a humpbacked appearance.

"Hasto wrote forty-five year?" asked his uncle.

"Five-an'-forty year?" corrected Will, "five-an'-forty! Eh dear!"

Jimmy, who had begun to write 45, smeared out the figures with his finger, and looked up inquiringly.

"Mun I write forty-five, or five-and-forty?" he asked.

"Five-and-forty," said Will, with a certain dolorous satisfaction. "Hasto getten' 5 down?"

"Ah."

"Well, then, now put 40."

Jimmy obeyed, and the legend was duly set forth that William Barnes had worked on the property 540 year.

"I'm sorry to say as he hasn't got no conscience," dictated Will, his thoughts still turning vengefully to Penley.

Jimmy wrote, "He hasn't got no conscience."

"'Ere—wait a bit—what's all yo'r hurry?" cried Tommy, rather in a fluster. "We han't said 'alf enough about thee, Will. Sitha, Jimmy, write as he's a honest respectable mon, as his feyther were afore him."

"A honest, respectable mon," repeated the boy, grinding with his pen, his eyes round, and his tongue protruding, "his—feyther—were—afore him."

"And put," pursued Tommy, "Theer is nobry in the place as 'ull not gi' him th' best o' c'racters."

"Paper's near full," remarked Jimmy, after laboriously inditing this sentence in his sprawling hand.

"Eh, but I'd like another word or two about Penley," cried Will. "See, Jimmy, just dot down as we's all be fain to see his back. Squeeze it in i' th' corner, lad, connot thou?"

"I fancy I con," replied Jimmy, and he did, in a rather cramped and downhill fashion. "Theer!" he added, contemplating his handiwork with immense satisfaction. "Now, what mun I put i' th' end? My name or yourn?"

"Put 'James Vose has wrote this letter fur Will'um Barnes.'"

"James Vose," wrote the owner of the name with his best flourish, and then he paused in dismay.

"Theer's no room fur th' rest."

"Eh, well, thou mun just put thy mark, Will—theer, see—i' yon little white place. Sir John 'ull know what it means. Now, Jim, let's 'ear it straight through."

Jimmy read out the joint composi-

tion—both old men listening with approval, and indeed no little pride. Then it was folded and inserted in an envelope, and then a fresh difficulty presented itself. Neither of them knew Sir John's London address. But Jimmy proved equal to the occasion.

"They are sure to know at the post-office," he suggested sagely; whereupon his uncle brightened up and despatched him forthwith with the letter in his pocket and a threepenny-bit in his hot little hand, two-thirds of which were to be expended for his private delectation, while the remainder was to purchase a stamp.

When the *hammer—hammer* of his sturdy clogged feet was lost in the distance the two friends looked at each other, and Will rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"If Penley know'd," he said, "it 'ud mak' his yure curl!"

Tommy winked very knowingly and looked immensely important.

"I'm sorry fur th' chap," pursued Will, after a pause, "but he's brought it on hisself."

The week came to an end, however, without an answer from Sir John. Sunday arrived, and Will "cleaned him" and went his way to church in some anxiety of mind. The neighbors looked at him curiously, and one or two of the more intimate condoled with him; whereupon the old man pulled himself together and remarked cheerfully that he wasn't so takken to as all that came to, adding darkly that happen they'd soon be hearin' summast.

On Monday morning he got up, as was his custom, before five, and prepared to start for his work at the usual time.

"We's happen meet th' postmon o' th' road," he remarked wistfully, breaking the gloomy silence which had lasted during breakfast. "If he hasn't got no letter, thou knows, I con but turn me back."

"Eh, lad, but th' postmon wunnot be coomin' this road fur another two hours," said Tommy, deprecatingly. "We met miss him—an' yon Penley 'ull

be bargain' if thou cooms wi'out th' letter. Thou can soon foller me, thou knows, if thou gets one."

"Ah, I con," agreed Will, slipping off the coat again which he had begun to put on. "Fetch my hoe out along o' thine,—theer's a good lad. I'll be with thee afore owt's long."

When dinner-time came and Tommy had sat him down in very melancholy mood to his bread and bacon, certain well-known steps were heard to approach, and Will slowly drew near.

"It's coom!" shouted Tommy, brandishing his knife.

"Nay," said Will, shaking his head dolefully, "not this time, mon. I nobbut coom to say there weren't no letter this mornin'."

"Thot's strange!" responded Tommy, scratching his jaw meditatively, and eying Will askance. "It'll happen coom to-morrow," he pursued. "Hasto 'ad thy dinner?"

"I dunnot soomway fancy I could heyt," said Barnes. "I niver seem to 'ave no appyтите without I feel I've addled my mate. I think I'll jest goo my ways round to Robert's an' see if his Jimmy's yerd nowt. It wur his name as was wrote at th' end o' the letter, thou knows."

"Ah, so it was!" cried Tommy, brightening up. "Sir John 'ud very likely put o' th' outside *James Vose for William Barnes*. Ay, thou met just as well look round theer, but sit thee down a bit first an' have a bite."

"Nay, nay—'t'ud choke me," said Will. "I'll be toddlin' now, an' if th' letter's theer I'll soon be back again."

No letter had arrived for Jimmy, and his mother scouted the notion of Sir John addressing such a document to him.

"Eh, an' whatever 'ud tak' him to write to a little lad same as yon," she said. "Nay, it's mich if ever he'd a notion as our Jimmy wrote at all. The letter 'ull be sent to you o' course."

Will hobbled off home without a word. What a long day that was! He got a piece of bacon, thinking he would fry a slice, and then mournfully "sided" it again.

"I dunnot seem t'ave no stoomach for't," he said to himself.

There was a tiny potato-plot at the rear of the cottage, and when Will had "redded up" indoors he thought he would go and work there. But, alas! it was already so neat, owing to their daily labor "after hours," that not so much as a weed defaced its rows. Will sauntered gloomily round to the front. There was a little grass-plot there, and the idea suddenly struck him that he would adorn it with a rockery.

In the house he knew there was a shell or two, and a broken glass salt-cellar which would come in for the purpose; and in the rubbish-heap near the pig-sty he could find a couple of blacking-bottles and some bricks. Most of the neighbors had rockeries in their gardens composed of the same materials; Tommy and Will had long intended to erect one on their premises when they had time. Now time, alas! was a commodity of which Will had enough and to spare on hand. Heaving a deep sigh, he took off his coat and set to work, wheeling soil from the back garden to begin with, and then laboriously building up a rather lop-sided cone with the salt-cellar for an apex. So intent was he on his task that Tommy had returned from work before he desisted.

"Eh!" said Tommy, "E-h-h! What-iver hasto agate? Thou'rt a gradely owd lad as ever I see! My word! thou art!"

"When we'n putten a two-three ferns an' thot, it 'ull look 'andsome," returned Will, much elated. For the time being their trouble was forgotten; and the pair sat down to tea with good appetites and spirits to correspond.

Next morning, however, the cloud enveloped them afresh; Tommy must go to work and Will remain at home until the letter came to reunite them. It was Tommy who was of the two the most depressed.

"It's awful onely wi'out thee, mate!" he said with a sniff, as he prepared to set off. "Downreet onnat'ral it seems."

"Well, then, coom, I'll goo wi' thee



fur a bit o' th' road," cried Will. "I'll be back afore postmon cooms."

They set out, one as usual walking a little ahead of the other, and neither of them saying a word. At the entrance to the park they parted, nodding at each other in silence and with dim eyes; and Will turned about and went slowly homewards. As he walked his eyes mechanically searched beneath the hedgerow for ferns or wild flowers suitable for his rockery. Once he paused, fumbling in his pocket for his knife: that tuft of cranesbill would look well in the salt-cellar. He stooped, carefully loosening the soil round the root; and then he flattened it down again and shook his head.

"I han't th' 'eart fur't to-day," he sighed.

All that day he sat indoors, staring into the fire, and occasionally groaning, and when leaving-off-time drew near he walked to meet his crony.

No need for Tommy to ask if the letter had arrived; Will's face told him, so he merely said, "It's thee, lad, is't?" And Will nodded. Every morning, now, he accompanied his mate as far as he dared on his way to the field of his labor; every evening he trudged to meet him; at dinner-time he frequently appeared, merely it would seem to stare gloomily at his friend and then to walk away. The letter was never mentioned now.

One evening, however, old Barnes suddenly startled Tommy Vose by hammering on the table with his fist.

"We mun ha' an' end o' this," he cried. "Yon letter's noan coomin'. I mun do summat."

Tommy paused with his knife in the air.

"Why, what wud thee be for doin'?" he asked mildly.

"Sitha," went on Will, "I'm addlin' nowt an' thou'rt keepin' me. This here's thy mate—th' tay an' all—I've g'len thee nowt towards it. I'm livin' o' thy charity—that's wheer it is—an' I cannot thoal th' thought on't."

"Well," cried Tommy, with a rather forced laugh, "thou'rt nobbut a noddly—a regular noddly as ever I see. I'm

bahn to draw thy wage fast enough when thou's worthin' again. My word, I am! I'll mak' out sich a bill as 'ull oppen thy e'en for thee. Ho, ho! thou'lt see."

But Will did not relax.

"It's time for me to be lookin' out for summat," he said, "an' I'm gettin' owd thou knows—wark 'ull be 'ard to find."

"Thou'rt a year younger nor me," growled Tommy, and then there was silence.

Next day Will did not come to meet his mate as usual, and Tommy, anxiously hastening homewards, found him sitting on a heap of stones about half a mile from his cottage, looking very white and strange.

"I've 'ad a bit of a turn, I doubt," he said, "an' I couldn't get no forrader. My legs is all of a shake an' my 'ead's funny."

Tommy helped him home and got him to bed; after which he warmed him a glass of beer.

"I haven't foun' no wark, Tommy," said Will, between the sips.

"Never fret thyself fur that. Thou'll find wark i' plenty, but thou mun get strong an' 'earty first."

"Nay," said Will. "I misdoubt me as wark 'ull be like yon letter, lad—it'll noan coom. I'd happen better dee, Tommy."

"Get thot beer into thee, an' dunnot set molderin' theer," cried Vose roughly; "sup it up like a mon, an' let's ha' no moore o' this."

"When I were sat o' th' roadside yonder," pursued Will, without noticing him, "I began o' thinkin' as I wur welly glad our missus was gone. Eh, I'd ha' bin ashamed to look her i' th' face, an' know I was addlin' nowt an' yo' was keepin' me."

"Th' owd lass 'ud never ha' grudged thy bit o' mate no moore nor I grudge it," said Tommy, still gruffly.

"Eh, I wish th' Lord 'ud tak' me!" groaned Will. "I cannot but say it. Eh, I do! Theer—thou can finish th' beer, lad. I dunnot seem to want it."

Tommy carried off the mug without a word, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and slipped a little. Then

he heaved a deep sigh, and drank it all, with the most dolorous air in the world.

He lay awake a long time that night, and the early summer dawn found him by his comrade's bed.

"I'm thinkin'," said Will, turning a dull eye upon him, "as I wunnot 'urly up this mornin'. I feel wake soom-way, an' my legs is wummicky. I reckon I'll rest a bit."

"Ah, do," said Tommy, with an attempted jauntiness, belied by his anxious face. "Theer isn't no need for thee to get up—theer's nowt for thee to do. Lay still an' see if th' time 'ull goo a bit quicker fur thee."

Will did not answer; his face looked very old and drawn in the morning light, and Tommy's heart sank within him as he felt how cold and inert lay his hands.

"Will 'ull be restin' fur good soon if summat isn't done," he said to himself, as he disconsolately left the room.

All that morning he went about his work as though in a dream, but towards noon a sudden idea struck him which filled him with tremulous hope. Immediately acting upon it, he burst into Mr. Penley's office with a haste and temerity which astonished that gentleman.

"Now then, Vose, what do you mean by coming here like this? Don't you see I'm busy? Excuse him, Sir John, he knows no better."

"Sir John!" cried Tommy breathlessly. "Eh, is yon Sir John? I didn't see theer wur soombry 'ere—my eyes is gettin' so bad. Eh, Sir John, if I might mak' so bowd as to say a word to yo'!"

"Certainly you may. Let the poor fellow speak, Penley," said Sir John, coming forward. He was a tall middle-aged man, with a thoughtful face, the expression of which would have reassured Tommy if he had not been too blind to see it.

"It's about my mate," said Tommy, "Will'um Barnes. Mester Penley's turned him off because he isn't yo'r tenant. But he's as good as a tenant, Sir John. He is, trewly. He's

boarded an' lodged wi' me fur years an' years——"

"Wait a bit," interrupted Sir John; "I think I know something of him. You wrote to me about him, didn't you? You said he had been working on the property for five hundred and forty years, I remember."

"Five-and-forty," corrected Tommy, with entire seriousness. "It wur our Jimmy as wrote th' letter, an' Will put his mark to't. Neither him nor me writes."

Even in his earnestness he did not forget to imply that their lack of this accomplishment was entirely voluntary.

"Oh, I see," said Sir John, also seriously. "Jimmy wrote the letter. I didn't quite understand at the time. I think you said, too, that William Barnes was an honest man but he hadn't a conscience——"

"Nay, nay!" interrupted Vose, "nowt o' th' kind. Will said that hissel'—meanin' *soombry else*."

"Oh," said Sir John. "It's a little complicated, isn't it? Where is William Barnes now?"

"He's a-bed!" cried Tommy, the corners of his mouth going down like those of a frightened child. He's fair broken-hearted. Eh, he is! He wunnot heyt because he hasn't addled his mate, an' he cannot sleep, an' I reckon he'll—he'll dee! Eh, Sir John, couldn't yo' tak' him on again?—It'll not be fur so long. We're owd folks both on us—an' we've allus worted together. Eh, we'd be willin' to tak' less wage—I'd be fain to gi' him th' haue o' mine if yo' wouldn't let on to him. I were thinkin' on't as I coom along, an' I run 'ere to ax Mester Penley."

"What do you mean?" asked his master, motioning to the bailiff to keep still.

"See yo', Sir John," explained Tommy earnestly. "I'm gettin' eigh-teen shillin' a-week, an' so wur Will. Well, I'm willin' to tak' nine an' say nowt about it, if yo'll tak' him on again, an' gie him t'other nine. 'Twunnot be no sich loss to me—I'm keepin' him now—an' it'll 'earten up

th' owd lad wonderful. Yo' can tell him as yo' cannot gi' no moore to folks as is past their work same as we are. Yo' needn't say as I axed yo'. Eh, thot 'ud sp'ile all."

"How old is William Barnes?" asked Sir John reflectively.

"Seventy-five last Lady-day. Eh, he isn't up to mich—but nine shillin' isn't mich, an' yo' wouldn't be at th' loss of it."

"And he has worked here forty-five years! Penley, if I had known I shouldn't have allowed you to send him away."

"You see, Sir John, you must draw the line somewhere. We made this rule—which is fair enough—"

"Well, I must make another—All men who have worked on the estate for more than forty-four years are to continue to work there till they die or are pensioned off. Please to re-engage William Barnes without loss of time; wages, eighteen shillings a-week as before. I think we needn't draw upon Vose's exchequer either."

"I'm to get my eighteen shillin' too?" cried Vose, hardly able to believe his ears, "an' Will's to be took on. Eh, my word! Eh, Sir John! Eh, th' poor owd lad 'ull be thot fain!"

He grasped Sir John's hand with a bewildered expression, jerked it vehemently up and down, and burst into tears.

"You had better go and tell him," said Sir John; then, as the old fellow retired with an inarticulate attempt at thanks, he added sternly, "Don't do this kind of thing in future, Penley, without consulting me."

Tommy trotted off, still sobbing, and, when he reached home, rushed breathlessly up to Will's bedside, rousing him from an uneasy doze.

"I cannot find my pikel," muttered Will, and then rubbing his eyes, he said feebly:—

"Is't thee, mate? I wur dreamin', I b'lieve—dreamin' of owd times as 'ull never coom again. Tommy, I've bin thinkin'—theer's my feyther's watch—I allus thought to leave it to thee—but it'll have to goo toward my berrin'.

Eh, owd lad, we sh'd ha' putten a bit by fur a rainy day if we'd ever ha' thought o' sich bad times coomin'. An' theer's my Sunday suit quite good, thou knows—thou met happen raise a few shillin' on it."

Tommy, whose old chest was still convulsively heaving, suddenly ceased sobbing, and began to chuckle hysterically.

"Ho, ho, lad! Nay, we's not bury thee yet. Theer's noos, mon, gradely noos!"

"Eh," cried Will, sitting up, "thou never says! Letter's coom!"

"Nay, theer hasn't coom no letter, but I've seed Sir John hissel'. Thou'rt took on again, mon! Took on! Took on at eighteen shillin' a-week, same as when thou was a young chap. An' thou'rt to goo on wortchin' till thou dees. Theer now!"

"Theer now!" repeated Will rapturously, his eyes almost starting out of his head, a broad smile wreathing his lips. "Eh' Tommy—I con scarce believe—"

"What doesto say to *thot*, eh? cried Tommy. "Coom, thou'lt noan be fur deein', wilsto? Thou'lt happen mak' a shift to heyt summat now. Wilsto have a bit o' bacon to thy dinner?"

"Reet, mon, we's have a gradely do," shouted Will, rubbing his hands. "Eh, I welly b'lieve I could heyt th' whole flitch!"

He flung one lean leg out of bed, then the other, and pounced upon his clothes.

"Now, Tommy, mak' haste, owd lad! Wheer's thot bacon? Coom, hurry up! We's get a half day in yet if we're slippy."

M. E. FRANCIS.

From Temple Bar.

THE SOURCES OF DON QUIXOTE.

The village of Argamasilla de Alba is situated on the extreme south-east corner of New Castile, close to the source of the "weeping Guadiana." Viewed from the plain of La Mancha, its aspect is dull and unsightly, being composed of mean-looking houses

built around a dreary plaza, shaded by a few English elms—the only objects that lend a touch of poetry to the scene.

It was to this insignificant spot that Cervantes was sent as tax-collector, or tithe proctor, to the Priory of St. John. The mayor, incensed by his importunities, charged him with the embezzlement of the moneys collected, and it was on this count, now believed to be groundless, that Cervantes was cast into prison. This prison still stands in the "Calle," bearing his name. Part of the original door, well protected with iron plates, is likely to endure for many a year, but the rest of the building is fast falling into decay.

It is sad that no effort should be made to preserve this interesting monument, to which we owe the creation of a work of immortal genius; for had Miguel Cervantes not been cast into prison by an eccentric mayor, the story of "Don Quixote," in whose pages throbs the national life of Spain would never have seen the light.

The book was in a great measure the outcome of circumstance. During his imprisonment, Cervantes' imagination was left to feed upon the personalities around him—the mayor and other village notables. These living personages became the types of his fictitious characters, known to all students of literature under the names of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Dulcinea, Master Nicholas, the Licentiate, the Bachelor, and many others. Here, in his gloomy cellar-prison, Cervantes conceived his wondrous story, and here he actually wrote the first two chapters, which were thrown by his gaolers to those who waited below.

Down in a village of La Mancha (begins Cervantes) the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived not long ago one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old butler, a lean horse and a coursing greyhound.

The name of this village—which Cervantes had such strong reasons for wishing to forget—was Argamasilla de Alba, founded by Don

Diego de Toledo, son of the second Duke of Alva. He was also one of the founders of the Priory of St. John, and in this work he was aided by the family of Los Quesadas, from whom sprang the Pachecos. Now the mayor who cast Cervantes into prison was none other than Don Rodrigo, the head of the house of Pachecos, and when we bear in mind that this family was formerly known by the name of Quesadas, it is easy to connect him with Cervantes' hero, of whom we read in the text, "Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, but we conclude that his name was Quixana."

The family mansion of the Pachecos stood in the Calle Real till 1843, when it was pulled down to carry out some street improvements. But existing documents, plans, and pictures afford ample evidence that this house was the imaginary scene of Don Quixote's first sally from his native village. We read that after arming himself *cap-a-pie* he mounted Rosinante and "through the private gate of his courtyard issued forth into the open plain of Montiel." Further on, we see the licentiate and the barber collecting the Don's books on knight-errantry, and throwing them "from the library window into the courtyard."

Now the existence of a courtyard or "patio" indicates the importance of a house, and it is a matter of local history that the home of the Pachecos was the principal one in the street.

The mortuary chapel which forms part of the parish church was built by Don Rodrigo Pacheco. His portrait hangs here, and also that of a young woman supposed to be his niece; a plate under the former portrait bears the following inscription:—

By the grace of Our Lady, this gentleman suffering from a grave infirmity and given up by the doctor on the Eve of St. Matthew in the year 1601, intreats Our Lady to accept a silver lamp which

<sup>1</sup> This oil painting is reproduced in the Spanish illustrated editions, printed in Barcelona, 1851, and reproduced in most of our English editions. From this we gain our idea "of the long, lank, lean, and swarthy figure of Don Quixote."

shall be kept burning day and night to record deliverance from the great pangs he suffered on account of his nerves, and (literally) the frailty of his inside.

The style of the above inscription reveals the character of the man who wrote it, whose eccentricity soon developed to such a pitch as to necessitate the services of a keeper.

Such then was the mayor to whom we owe the immortal character of Don Quixote. In the person of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, we have an extravagant picture of that "mad and spirited gentleman" Don Rodrigo Pacheco. Throughout his eccentric career, Don Quixote presents the character of a brave, courteous gentleman, a true knight, steadfast in the pursuit of the ideal. This is perfectly in keeping with the character of Don Rodrigo, who was a Hidalgo of La Mancha, whose family had played a leading part in all the great deeds of Spain, and who, according to tradition, "had dreams of perfection and a determined hatred of all evil-doers." From this living type Cervantes derived the idea of a monomaniac, mad on one point, yet capable of distinguishing himself by "learned discourse." The contrast is made plain in the conversation between Cardenio and the priest:--

"Is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these fictions, only because they resemble the style and manner of his absurd books."

"There is another thing remarkable," said the priest, "which is that except on that particular subject, this good gentleman can discourse very rationally, and seems to have a clear judgment and an excellent understanding."

At the opening of the story, we find Don Quixote debating with the priest of the village, "a man of learning and a graduate of Sigüenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun."

Turning from these weighty arguments to the persons of the debaters, we are again confronted with real characters. The priest, generally

called the Licentiate, was none other than Cervantes' personal friend, Pero Perez,<sup>1</sup> parish priest of Argamasilla. He shows his regard for his friend by depicting him under the character of a peace-maker, "modest but brave, with a sacred regard for truth, a large hospitality and great courtesy of manner. Don Ramon Antequerra declares that these qualities were the outcome of noble breeding, born of long descent from a race of courtiers.

Pedro Barbero is believed to be the original of Master Nicholas the barber. In the year 1820, there lived in Argamasilla a surgeon who claimed to be his last descendant. His house, which a learned Spanish authority declares to be the original home of Don Quixote's friend, the barber, contains a genealogical tree with Master Nicholas at the head.

The society and the arguments of these two friends did not prevent Don Quixote from being seized with

one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman, a belief that it behoved him to become a knight-errant and traverse the world in quest of adventures.

When he had scoured up some rusty armor belonging to his grandfather, and made himself a most excellent helmet (of pasteboard) he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with, for a knight-errant without the tender passion is as a tree without the leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul.

He found her in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl of whom he had formerly been enamoured, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline towards that of a great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Tobosa (for she was a native of that village), a name he thought harmonious, uncommon, and expressive.

It is commonly reported that Cervantes paid his addresses to a lady in Tobosa who treated him with disdain. In revenge he took advantage of a masquerade to satirize the cruel fair one in some verses whose ideas were

<sup>1</sup> See Church Register, Argamasilla.



subsequently embodied in Sancho Panza's uncomplimentary prose:—

Oh, the jade, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has . . . she is not at all coy, but as bold as a court lady, and makes a jest and a may-game of everybody.

But although Don Quixote derides his mistress, he also represents her as a woman endowed with the noblest qualities. When invited by the duchess to describe the beauty and the accomplishments of the Lady Dulcinea, Don Quixote replies that to relate the perfections of that paragon of excellence was beyond his powers, and that it would require Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to do them justice. If we bear in mind that Cervantes was rehearsing his own experiences, these transitions of feeling are at once explained. They were natural to a rejected lover, alternately swayed by love and bitterness, who sees the object of his adoration at one moment as a goddess, at another as a heartless coquette. In order to discover the original of his portrait, we have but to turn to the text. Don Quixote supplies the key when he invokes his mistress as "the star of his travels, and the moon, the overruling planet of his fortune." This indicates the family of the Zarcas de Morales, whose escutcheon bears these emblems. At the time Cervantes wrote his tale, Don Zarca de Morales lived in Tobosa with his sister, Donna Ane. Internal evidence, the etymology of the name of Dulcinea,<sup>1</sup> etc., points to the fact that Cervantes, who had become well acquainted with the family during a residence in Tobosa, made this noble maiden the heroine of his story. Tradition still points to a building surmounted by the arms of Zarca de Morales as "Dulcinea's palace."

Happy in having found a mistress, Don Quixote set forth alone on his first sally. After his "pleasant method of being dubbed a knight—which ceremony took place at an inn still standing midway between Manzanares and Argamasilla, Don Quixote resolved to

<sup>1</sup> "*Dulce*" (sweet) "*Nea*" (the name Ane transposed).

return home in order to furnish himself with "money and clean shirts," and also to provide himself with a squire, purposing to take into his service a "certain country fellow of the neighborhood who was poor and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry."

During his brief sojourn in his own dwelling, which afforded time "for the grand and diverting scrutiny made by the priest and barber in the library of the ingenious gentleman," Don Quixote persuaded this neighbor of his, named Sancho Panza, "an honest man, if such an epithet can be given to one who is poor," to sally out with him and serve him in the capacity of esquire.

That this squire was the actual servant of Rodrigo Pacheco, there can be little doubt. Here, as in other instances, Cervantes has made slight alterations in names in order to veil the identity of his characters. It will be remembered that Sancho Panza made many allusions to his aristocratic lineage. "In respect of aspirations," said Don Quixote, "I would aspire to be nothing better than of the family of Melchior Gutierrez." When, crossing the plain of Montiel, he explains to this trusty squire the nature of the honors in store for him, Sancho Panza exclaims:—

"What, if I were a king, by some of those miracles your worship mentions Joan Gutierrez, my duck, would come to be a queen, and my children, *infantas*?"

"Who doubts it?" answers Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replies Sancho Panza, "for I am verily persuaded that if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez, for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings to be queen!"

Here we have a striking instance of Cervantes' fancy for playing on names, by calling the wife "Joan" and "Mary." Further on, Sancho's wife is made to say "Juana Panza is my name, wife of Sancho, not my maiden name, as for some time in La Mancha the women have taken titles of their husbands."



Again, Don Quixote complains that the author of "The History of Don Quixote" shows disregard of truth in a material part of the story:—

"For he says that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her real name is Theresa Panza."

"Pretty work indeed!" exclaims Sancho. "Sure, he knows much of our concerns to call my wife, Theresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez."

Out of all this confusion of names and titles, one point stands clear, namely, that in some way Gutierrez is the family name of Don Quixote's faithful follower. The founder of this family was Gutierrez de Soto Mayor, master of the Order of Calatrava, and all its branches are found among the *Hidalgos*.

When Don Quixote expatiates on the decadence of noble families and laments over the present position of some of their sons, he probably refers to the fallen condition of his trusty squire. The town archives show that Melchior Gutierrez was attached to the service of the *alcalde*, Don Rodrigo Pacheco. This proves that the description of Sancho's care of his eccentric master does not spring entirely from the imagination of Cervantes, but was suggested by the fact that the original character acted as a kind of keeper to the mayor.

We may here remark that by translating Sancho Panza into a governor and placing him in a position of absolute power, Cervantes condemns the avaricious spirit of the age, which caused men to grasp eagerly the wealth and luxury attached to the position, without due regard to the responsibilities of the office.

Although Cervantes depicts Sancho with the limited aspirations of the day laborer, he also shows him as a teacher of practical wisdom:—

"The devil take thee for a bumpkin," said Don Quixote, "thou sayest ever and anon such apt things that one would almost think thee a scholar. If thou hadst but discretion, Sancho, equal to thy natural abilities, thou mightest take to

the pulpit and go preaching about the world."

"A good liver is the best preacher," replied Sancho, "and that is all the divinity I know."

Such then was the companion, half boor, half sage, with whom Don Quixote set forth on his second sally, who stood by his side in "the dreadful and never before imagined adventure of the windmills," in the fight with the Biscayan, and the innumerable disasters, including the tossing of the faithful squire in a blanket that befell them in the inn, "which they unhappily took for a castle."

Shortly after leaving the inn they encountered "twenty persons in white robes with lighted torches in their hands. Behind came a litter bearing a dead body." Don Quixote, conceiving that the litter was a bier whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded, couched his spear, and laid one of the mourners grievously hurt on the ground. When questioned by Don Quixote, the fallen man replied that he was "the licentiate," another instance of Cervantes' capricious fancy, which delighted in playing on the names of persons and things. Afterwards he admits that although he said he was "the licentiate," he is in fact only "a Bachelor of Arts," and that his name is Alonzo Lopez.

A certificate of baptism bearing this name may still be seen in the church of Argamasilla, while a later entry shows this same Alonzo baptizing an infant. To this man Cervantes attributed the epitaph which so well sums up the character of Don Quixote:—

Here lies the valiant Cavalier,  
Who never had a sense of fear,  
So high his matchless courage rose  
He reckoned death among his vanquish'd  
foes.

Wrongs to redress, his sword he drew,  
And many a caitiff giant slew.  
His days of life though madness stain'd,  
In death his sober senses he regained.

After the Bachelor had gone his way, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza went forth "falteringly, for the night was dark," in search of water. A great

noise reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade, together with "a dreadful din of irons or rattling chains, accompanied by mighty strokes." The intrepid Don Quixote was for "dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements" at once, but the prudent Sancho entreated him to wait under a clump of trees till daybreak. When morning broke they set forth once more.

Having proceeded some distance, they came to a green meadow bounded by steep rocks down which a mighty torrent precipitated itself. At the foot of these rocks were several wretched huts that seemed more like ruins than habitable dwellings, and it was from them that the fearful din proceeded. The true and undoubted cause of that horrible noise appeared plain. It was six fulling hammers, whose alternate strokes produced that hideous sound!

The scene has little changed since Cervantes' day. We find the same rudely constructed machines, the same wretched huts, the same ignorant inhabitants. The simple fellows who manage the industry are so primitive in their dress, and so limited in speech, that we can readily believe they were the same who greeted the eyes of Don Quixote and his trusty squire. The only difference lies in the fact that there is no longer any trace of the chestnut-trees in the valley of the Guadiana.

As the knight journeyed away from the scene of his "terrible adventure," there came walking towards him a barber, "carrying on his head a basin, to save his hat, which was a new one."

The travelling barber still exists in Spain; the warmth of the climate and an evident distaste for hirsute adornments makes "el barbero" a necessity in any Spanish house. He can be seen on the footpaths of country Spain, trudging along under a little load of brass pots, bowls, and basins, not forgetting a tiny oil stove, which enables him to supply customers with a warm shave. He also carries lancets for bleeding, and he never fails to assure every man he meets that his personal appearance would be wonderfully improved by the

barber's art. Such then was the personage whom Don Quixote saw before him. He exclaimed, "There comes one towards me who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet concerning which I swore an oath."

In vain Sancho Panza assured his master that he only perceived "a man on a grey ass with something on his head that glittered," and proceeded to taunt him with the fulling mill adventure. Deaf to his squire's warning, Don Quixote advanced, crying, "Defend thyself, caltiff!" The barber, seeing himself suddenly assailed, slipped from his ass and scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him, leaving Mambrino's helmet on the ground.

Many more were the adventures that befell the valorous Don Quixote, till at last "stabbed with the point of absence, and pierced with the arrows of love," he despatched his trusty squire with a letter to the lady of his heart, and remained alone in the Sierra Morena, imitating the penance of Beltenebros, and practising various "refinements as a lover."

As Sancho Panza on his way towards Tobosa passed the inn which had been the theatre of innumerable disasters, two persons issued forth who immediately recognized him. These were none other than the priest of Argamasilla, commonly called the licentiate, and the barber Master Nicholas. On learning from Sancho the mad pranks that his master, enacting the part of a distraught lover, was playing on the Sierra Morena, they planned "a pleasant and ingenious method" of withdrawing him from his self-imposed penance. Owing to their clever diplomacy, Don Quixote was induced to leave the wilderness, and to pass the night at the inn. Here the Licentiate read to the company the novel of the "Curious Impertinent," which, although certain incidents may repel, has for its underlying motive "the correction of vice." Here too Don Quixote fought his dreadful battle with the winebags, and experienced the notable adventure with the Holy Brotherhood,

which resulted in his being placed in a cage, and "cooped and catted" towards home.

While in this humiliating position, he perceived six or seven horsemen mounted on "good ecclesiastical mules." One of the party was a Canon of Toledo. Under this title, Cervantes has drawn the portrait of Friar Lewis de Granada, a man of extraordinary erudition, remarkable both for "the grandeur of his sentiments, and for his zeal in propounding them." Friar Lewis, who represents the noblest thought of his age, serves as the mouthpiece of Cervantes' own opinions, when he denounces social follies and the pernicious teachings which preoccupied men's minds to the exclusion of sane ideas. He is also the vehicle of his literary criticism, upholding such teachers as Aesop and La Fontaine, whose books are "sane, sweet, recreative, and moral," and condemning writers who inculcate vice and falsehood, and relate "extravagant tales of youths of sixteen hewing down giants as tall as steeples, and of knights sailing in a vast tower upon the ocean and finding themselves to-night in Lombardy, and to-morrow morning in the country of Prester John, in the Indies, or in some other that Ptolemy never discovered, or Marco Polo never saw."

The religious tone and the views of Friar Lewis and of the canon are identical. In the conversation between the canon and Don Quixote Cervantes seems to have played on many of the scandals both of his time and of former days. The discourse of this learned ecclesiastic beguiled the way till after the adventure with the disciples who had come in procession to beseech Heaven to refresh the earth with seasonable showers (a custom which prevails to this day), Sancho Panza was left to escort his sorely tried master back to his own home.

During his stay in Argamasilla, Don Quixote learnt that his adventures had been set down in a printed book.

"Pray tell me, Signor Bachelor," asked the knight, "on which of my exploits do

they lay the greatest stress in this same history?"

"Some," answered the bachelor, "are for the adventure of the windmills which your worship took for so many giants. Others prefer that of the fulling mills. One cries up for the two armies which turned out to be flocks of sheep, another for the galley slaves, while some will have it that none can be compared to that of the combat with the valorous Biscayan."

Such recollections of past deeds of valor must have stirred the martial ardor in Don Quixote's breast, for shortly after the above conversation we find him setting forth on his third sally. Leaving Argamasilla by the "Calle de Pacheco," Don Quixote soon arrived on the ancient plain of Montiel, which lies on the left bank of the Guadiana. A little farther on rises on a magnificent pile of rock the sturdy old castle-monastery of Pennarroya, once the key to the Roman cities of this region, and also to the Port of Carthage. It was the scene of constant strife between Romans, Goths, Arabs, and Spaniards, till won by the latter, when it was dedicated to Santa Maria of the Guadiana.<sup>1</sup> According to Manchegan chronicles, a Moorish prisoner who understood the superstitious character of his captors, saved his life by declaring that the Virgin had appeared to him in a vision. Signs and wonders now became the order of the day, brotherly love revived in every breast, and a society of Christian soldiers was formed to serve our Lady of Pennarroya.

This order had for its object the total extermination of the Moors.

The view from the castle ramparts is remarkably fine. Deeply groyned grey hills, lightly clad with a few oaks, hem in the valley of the tortuous Guadiana, which creeps as a silver serpent through the deep green meadows. This is classic ground to all students of "Don Quixote." For here Sancho Panza gave proof of his cunning by the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea, and here befell the strange adventure of the valorous Don Quixote with the

<sup>1</sup> A chapel and hermitage dedicated to the Virgin stands to this day.

brave knight of the mirrors, the adventure with the lions, and other extraordinary matters. On the way he encountered two persons, who invited him to come and see "one of the greatest and richest weddings that had ever been celebrated in La Mancha, that of a farmer, Comacho the Rich, and a country maid, Quiteria the Fair; he, the wealthiest in this part of the country, and she the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld."

They accepted the invitation and approached the village, which appeared before them as "a new heaven blazing with innumerable stars," while Sancho's eyes were gladdened with the sight of "a bullock roasted whole, and cooking-pots of such magnitude that an entire sheep was swallowed up in them.

This Comacho the Rich was a real personage, a native of Argamasilla. According to the text the wedding was celebrated in the open air, all classes were invited, and the scene was one of general festivity. It is a matter of history that the Valley of the Guadiana was a favorite spot for such entertainments, and it was natural that the wedding should be celebrated in the house of Comacho's godfather, Dionisio de Aguas. This house, which still stands in the valley, is known as the Casa de Aguas. It occupies a magnificent position surrounded by pleasure grounds and fruit orchards. If we add to these natural attractions, the infinite variety of good things, game, fish, birds, that "swam in the cooking-pots," we can understand how much there was to charm the practical mind of Don Quixote's trusty squire.

Having become acquainted with the originals of Cervantes' principal characters<sup>1</sup> we must now follow the Don in his journey to interview Merlin in the Cueva of Montesinos. The village of Ruidera, whose inn was the scene of so many of Don Quixote's adventures,

demands some notice. Although now the sleepest of "Sleepy Hollows," it displays abundant traces of former activities. The foundations of old buildings, silk and powder mills, extend over acres of ground, and numberless rude wheels and other primitive contrivances ranged at the foot of the Cascade of Lunamontes, show that its waters were formerly turned to practical uses. All these ruins are now beautifully softened by a vegetable growth springing from every nook and crevice. A squarely built house, dignified by the name of "palace," which dominates the little village, was built for a military official, who, some four hundred years ago, directed the gunpowder manufactory. The inn which furnished Don Quixote with so much entertainment is an old-fashioned building to which three centuries have brought little change. The stone seat outside the door, on which Don Quixote sat, musing over the adventure of the "braying alderman," is still a substantial fact, and the image of the man "clad from head to foot in chamols skin" (who announced the arrival of the "divining ape") may still be seen in the shape of a goatherd from the mountains.

The winding river, the lakes, the "Batanes" (or fulling mills) have not changed in appearance since they greeted the eyes of Don Quixote and his trusty squire, and the description of the Cave of Montesinos as "wide and spacious, but so much overgrown with briars, thorns, and wild fig-trees, as to be almost concealed," holds good to this day.

The critic, to whom we are much indebted, Don Ramon Antequerra, holds that "in showing Don Quixote before his death recovered from his madness, Cervantes wished to prove that his book had a definite and reasonable object." It had grown from a fanciful satire to be a work of strong moral teaching. The writer sought not merely to amuse, but to convey a distinct lesson to society.

Many are the interpretations put on Cervantes' story in the articles on this

<sup>1</sup> Don Ramon Antequerra asserts that, behind the names of Monicongo, Panlagua, Caprichoso, Burlador, Tiquitoe, and Cachediabla, lies a world of covert satire which must have had irresistible force and meaning at the time.

subject which teem from the Spanish press. One ingenious critic<sup>1</sup> would fain teach us that Don Quixote was born in La Mancha to signify that we are all born with the stain (mancha) of ignorance, and that the innkeeper (ventero) who arms him for the conflict is a symbol of the publisher who introduces him to the world!

More serious is the criticism of Don Jose Maria Asensio, who treats at length the question, "Is the history of Don Quixote a political satire?" He does not agree with those critics who saw in this book a satire of Charles V., because in other writings Cervantes spoke of the great emperor with respect.

Nevertheless, he is forced to admit that a resemblance can be traced between some of the adventures of Don Quixote and certain incidents in the life of the great monarch.

In the "Epitome of the Life and Exploits of the Invincible Emperor," by Juan Antonio de Vera, we read that in youth his attendants were obliged to take from his hands a naked sword which he aimed against the figures on the tapestry, and on another occasion he was found exciting with a stick some lions in a cage. These exploits recall Don Quixote's battle with the wineskins and his heroic charge against the figures sculptured on a buffet.

The same critic deals with the suppression of certain portions of Cervantes' work, and establishes the fact that two chapters at least have been cut short. One was entitled "What happened to Don Quixote at a Masque Ball."

The knight is shown going to the ball armed and without a mask. Behind him walks Sancho in the guise of a penitent. Following the advice of the latter, a lady addressed herself to Don Quixote, begging him to help her to get free from the clutches of a wicked guardian. At table, the lady and the knight sat side by side, and on the guardian seeking to dislodge his bride, Don Quixote fell on him, upset

the table and received a shower of blows.

In the second chapter, Don Quixote, miraculously cured of his wounds by the application of his famous balm, received the visit of the young lady and discoursed tenderly with her. She proved faithless, and the trusty Sancho hastened to undeceive him. But Quixote generously laid this unworthy conduct to the charge of enchantment, and willingly acceded to the request of his rival that he should set forth to visit the galleys at the ports.

The reason why Cervantes cut out these two chapters has not yet been discovered by the Spanish critics.

Others beside the author have sought to alter and diminish the original text. In a Spanish edition published at Milan in 1610, some wiseacre replaced the dedicatory epistle by one of his own!

But in spite of all these well-meant efforts to dwarf and cripple a work of genius, the history of Don Quixote remains a giant among the books of the world—the most delightful medley of fact and fancy, of sober truth and wild imagination, of moral teaching and exquisite nonsense, known to the student of literature.

We cannot close this article more fitly than by quoting the words of Ivan Turgenev, who, when calling attention to the fact that "Hamlet" and "Don Quixote" appeared the same year, remarks that while "Hamlet" is the genius of introspection, doubt, discouragement—in a word, of pessimism—"Don Quixote" stands as the incarnation of optimism, of faith and belief in the eternal immutability of truth.

C. BOGUE LUFFMANN.

L. M. LANE.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND MISS  
SARAH PONSONBY.

In its windings through the county  
Kilkenny, the river Nore affords some

<sup>1</sup> See *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1894.



charming bits of scenery; but at no point is it prettier than near the neat little town of Innistogue. Here it foams along in a narrowed bed by rocks veiled with trailing ivy, and fringed with tufted fern. The banks, a mass of billowy woodland, soar to a majestic height, one summit being crowned by a tower. Some way beneath this can be discerned the roof of a mansion peering from amidst the foliage. From a chimney here and there rises a thin column of purplish smoke into the still air. This is Woodstock, the most enviable possession, perhaps, in a country rich in pleasant residences. In the middle of last century an edifice of plainer construction stood there, and in it lived Sir William Fownes, second baronet of that name, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Fownes (*nee* Ponsonby), a sister of the first Lord Bessborough. This couple had an only child and heiress, who, in early life, married Mr. Tighe, a gentleman of property in Wicklow; and in this way the Woodstock estate passed into the hands of the Tighes, who are now its owners. The departure of their daughter left a void in their household, which was soon filled by Lady Elizabeth's adopting a young relative, Sarah Ponsonby, at that time about eighteen. Their relationship was, strictly speaking, that of first cousins once removed, but they called one another niece and aunt.

Miss Ponsonby was an orphan and penniless. There is no reason to suppose that she was remarkable for good looks. She is said to have been a tall, well-grown young woman, with all the freshness of youth, a pleasing aspect, and gentle disposition. There was everything in her position to make her happy, and happy for some years she certainly was. She had every comfort that mortal could want. The society around Woodstock was numerous and lively; when the days began to shorten, she accompanied the Fowneses to their house in Dublin, which stood in that rather gloomy thoroughfare, Dominick street. Here the Parliamentary season was passed, Sir William

representing Knocktopher in the House of Commons.

We all know how gay a capital old Dublin was in the days anterior to the Union. Sarah Ponsonby enjoyed her share of the pleasures it afforded as much as other young people; but that she had some trouble at heart was apparent in the expression of vexation which at times clouded her face. While in town the distractions of society kept her mind employed; it was at Woodstock that the change in her was most observable. On this clear autumn morning, when all nature lay tranquil in sunshine, why did she quit the house with the air of one pursued, and traversing the garden with hasty steps, plunge into the shrubbery? The cause was not far off. At the end of a long, straight walk, bordered on either hand by a closely clipped wall of holly, bay, and box, she beheld the portly figure of Sir William Fownes approaching. Turning at once down a side path, she fled back, locked herself in a room and sat down to meditate. The truth, then, must be told. Sir William, notwithstanding his advanced years, had fallen in love with her whom he ought to have looked upon as his own child. He made, it would seem, no effort to conquer this unworthy passion, but urged his suit so persistently as to render life a burden to the object of his admiration. For Miss Ponsonby the situation was most painful. She had the sincerest affection for Lady Elizabeth; and for Sir William—till he appeared in this new character—her feelings were those of gratitude and respect. But now she shrank from him with abhorrence. She knew that to continue beneath his roof would be to encounter fresh insult. She could not bring herself to reveal the affair to Lady Elizabeth (or Lady Betty, as she was generally called) knowing how it would distress her. At the same time she needed some one to listen to her story and give her advice. Passing in mental review the few friends she knew well enough to confide in she soon came to a decision. Her choice fell upon Miss Butler, the youngest of the three



daughters of Mr. Walter Butler, of Kilkenny Castle. This gentleman was really sixteenth Earl of Ormonde, though the title (owing to the belief that it had fallen under the attainder of the second duke) was now dormant. Kilkenny Castle was, indeed, a changed place from what it had been in the time of the duke who lived there in almost regal state. It was there that he entertained William III. with masque, ball, and banquet, in the interval between the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Limerick. But after this attainder and death in exile it was allowed to fall into a dilapidated condition. Its owner occupied the only habitable portion of the building, and there lamented the decay which he was too poor to arrest. A traveller who visited the castle at this epoch calls it an illustrious ruin;" the state apartments were deserted; the gardens lay waste; the once trimly kept bowling-green was open to all who could pay for using it. His mention of the Butlers themselves is not without interest:—

At present (he says) the inheritor of the castle and some of the appendant manors, a Roman Catholic gentleman, affects the state of his ancestors. His wife receives company, I am told, as the old Ormonde ladies used to do. She never returns a visit, and people seem disposed to yield her this pre-eminence.

The Butlers had an only son who had begun repairing the fortunes of his house by marrying an heiress, and usually resided in England. Of their daughters the eldest married Mr. Morgan Kavanagh, of Ballyhale in the same county, and the second his cousin, Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, of Borris, in Carlow. Particulars of their youngest daughter's early life are, unfortunately, scanty. She was educated in France, and during a residence of some years there contracted a strong taste for all things foreign. It has been said that, while abroad, she had a disappointment in love; but this is probably a myth. The resolution she formed of never marrying was due to other causes. Her edu-

cation finished, she left France with deep regret, and returned to a home which she found in all respects uncongenial. The dismantled castle was a dismal sight; her father was moody and self-absorbed; her mother was a shrew, with an ungovernable temper. She felt herself misunderstood; her superior education was not appreciated; her refined tastes were regarded as affectation. Never was a woman so out of tune with her surroundings. Yet she reached the age of thirty-nine without one chance occurring of breaking the dreary spell. She escaped as often as possible from Mrs. Butler's ill-humors, and spent long periods in turn with her Kavanagh sisters. She also visited at Woodstock, and here she and Sarah Ponsonby first became acquainted. They were irresistibly drawn to one another—not that they were alike in disposition, for Eleanor Butler (the elder by sixteen years) liked to rule, while Sarah Ponsonby was willing to be influenced and led. Their tastes exactly agreed. They both loved the beauties in nature, books, music, drawing, witty society, and the many refinements and elegancies that brighten the lives of women of their class.

Eleanor listened with eager sympathy to her friend, as she related her trouble. She herself, also, had much to tell of her unhappiness at home, of her longings to be free. Did not the very similarity of their positions form a bond of union between them? Why, she urged, should they part—why should they not spend their lives together in some sequestered spot, where woes, unsought, would not assail them? It would have to be somewhere out of Ireland—that was settled. England was remoter than they liked. Of the beauties of North Wales they had often heard. Surely there were nooks amid those mountains and valleys in which it would be bliss to dwell! The idea was delightful; it was novel; there was a spice of romance in it too which pleased them. Long and earnestly did they discuss it, and the more they talked the more determined they were to carry it into effect.

They agreed to run away together, and a day was fixed for their elopement. It was arranged that Miss Butler, then staying at Ballyhale, should repair to a ruined abbey midway between that and Woodstock, and there await Miss Ponsonby. She did so; but the other fugitive not appearing, she went in search of her, and found her lying by the park wall, which she had sprained her ankle in scaling. She assisted her to rise; but poor Miss Ponsonby, after a vain effort to hobble a yard, sank down again in torture. In this plight they were discovered by a passing laborer, and the same evening they were restored to their relations. They accounted for their adventure in such a way as to satisfy inquiry. The simple Lady Betty was easily deceived. Sir William, whose guilty conscience, it may be surmised, enabled him to guess the cause, did not press Miss Ponsonby for an explanation.

About two months later they again attempted to escape. While hurrying forward on foot, they were caught in a storm, and sought shelter in an old barn, the roof of which was not weather-proof. Here they remained, damp and shivering, that night and all next day till late in the evening. At length, the sky clearing, they ventured to set out, and succeeded in reaching Waterford, whence it was their intention to sail for Bristol. They had been observed on the road, however, and it soon became known at Woodstock what direction they had taken. After obtaining some much-needed food and rest, they were walking on the quay, enjoying a view of the ship in which they proposed taking passage, when whom should they meet but Lady Betty herself, who had come in pursuit with an emissary from Ballyhale! The shock was considerable; but, after some little show of resistance, they listened to reason and consented to return.

Miss Ponsonby had caught a severe chill while in the barn; anxiety and disappointment told upon a sensitive nature like hers. She fell into a fever, and for some days kept her bed. While thus prostrate, great pressure was used

by Lady Betty and her daughter, Mrs. Tighe (then staying at Woodstock), to induce her to give up Miss Butler, whom they both distrusted; but without success. Miss Butler herself was nowise discouraged by this second failure. She had resolved never to go back to Kilkenny Castle, as she heard that her parents had formed the amiable design of immuring her in a convent. The possibility, too, of her outstaying her welcome with her sisters spurred her to action. The obstacles in her path, after all, were not insurmountable. Her ascendancy over Miss Ponsonby was complete; Sir William was tongue-tied; with any opposition from Lady Betty she felt quite capable of dealing. She soon changed her quarters to Borris, and thence wrote daily to her friend, exhorting her to remain firm.

Among her numerous Dublin acquaintances, there was no one whom Lady Betty Fownes esteemed more highly than a certain Mrs. Goddard, a widow of middle age, in whose knowledge of the world, sound sense, and kindly nature, she had the fullest confidence. Just before starting for Waterford after the runaways, she had written apprising the other of what had occurred; and, on her return, she implored her to come to her without delay and help her in her difficulty. "Altogether, it is a most extraordinary affair," she wrote. "I sometimes can hardly think the cause is known to any but themselves."

Miss Ponsonby was aware that Mrs. Goddard had been summoned. She had a regard for that lady, and valued her good opinion. She doubted whether, beneath such influence, all her resolution might not melt away; if only Eleanor were near to support her, she could brave anything. She had now recovered and was about again. Availing herself of an opportunity when the rest of the family were spending the day from home, she made her way over to Borris, and a consultation was held. It was decided that Miss Butler should establish herself secretly at Woodstock, leaving the fact of her presence there to leak out as it might—an unusual pro-

ceeding certainly; but they agreed that an end such as they had in view quite justified the means employed. This move was promptly made, and when Mrs. Goddard reached Woodstock, she found Miss Butler mistress of the situation.

A diary kept by Mrs. Goddard, and some correspondence relating to this period, were unearthed not long ago. We learn from the diary that she left Dublin early on Friday, April 24 (1778), dined at Naas, slept at Timolin, dined on Saturday at Carlow, and got to Woodstock at nine o'clock at night—thus occupying two whole days over a journey which needs but three hours now to accomplish! "A most terrible long jaunt it was," she remarks. "I found them all in distraction; saw my poor Miss Ponsonby, but Miss Butler did not appear."

Sunday 26th.—I saw Miss Ponsonby again, who came down to dinner; but Miss Butler not till evening, when she came in to tea, but did not speak to me.

Monday 27th.—Spoke to them both. Gave them my best advice, which they seemed to take well, and I hoped, from their manner, would have followed. They both dined with us.

Tuesday 28th.—Lady Betty made me go with her to talk to them. They seemed to have grown hardened in their resolution of going together. They would not show themselves below to-day.

The fact is, the lovers were waiting till everything in the way of dissuasion that could be said had been said, before producing their trump card. This they presently did. Mrs. Goddard's arguments were met by the disclosure of Sir William's ill-conduct, and for the moment she was silenced. But she returned to the charge. Closeted alone with Miss Ponsonby, she was handling Miss Butler rather roughly, alluding to her "with harshness and freedom," when an interruption, prearranged no doubt, came:—

Sir William joined us, kneeled, implored, swore twice on the Bible how much he loved her; would never more offend; was sorry for his past folly, that was not meant as she understood it; offered to double her allowance of thirty pounds a year, or add what more she

pleased to it, even though she did go. She thanked him for his past kindness, but said nothing could hurt her more than such a proposal, nor would she ever be under other obligation to him. If the whole world were kneeling at her feet, it would not make her forsake her purpose. She would live and die with Miss Butler. She was her own mistress, and if any force were used to detain her, she knew her own temper so well, it would provoke her to an act that would give her friends more trouble than anything she had yet done. She, however, haughtily—and, as it were, to get rid of him—made him happy by telling him that if ever she was in distress for money, he should be the first she would apply to.<sup>1</sup>

There was nothing more, then, to be said. Opposition was at an end. The emancipated pair were at no pains to conceal their joy. "I never saw anything so confident as their behavior," observes Mrs. Goddard. Preparations for departure were at once begun—boxes packed; a carriage hired to convey them to Waterford; the services of a trusty waiting-maid secured. A few days later, they started "as merry as possible."

But over Woodstock the clouds were still gathering, and Lady Betty's heart was heavy. The conduct of her adopted daughter was a sore grief and puzzle to her. Of its real cause it is evident that she was, even now, ignorant; but the secret took wings, flew half over the country, and came in time to her knowledge. Sir William, though he may not have thought it, was in a precarious state of health. The distress, the humiliation, he now endured brought things to a crisis. Mrs. Goddard was awakened one morning at dawn by his cries. He was suffering acute internal pain, which the doctor attributed to gout in the stomach. He was bled and given a warm bath, whereby he appeared somewhat soothed; but the symptoms recurring, he was "blistered, clystered, and physicked." He was next seized with paralysis, the use of his right arm and his power of swallowing went, whereupon he was "cupped, blistered, and clystered." That he should have

<sup>1</sup> Illustrious Irishwomen. By E. Owens Blackburne. Vol. ii., p. 306.

borne treatment so drastic for a whole fortnight before succumbing is surprising. Mrs. Goddard was admitted to the sick-room. She told the patient that the "cause was in his mind," he admitting penitently that "his illness was his own fault that he was punished for." And so the curtain falls on a funeral procession winding through the little churchyard of Innistogue.

No bird escaped from cage or snare ever exulted as did the elder of the two friends on feeling herself free. "A long farewell to captivity and oppression," she thought, as the Irish coast receded from her view. Her companion, though contented, was less triumphant. A pang of remorse, as she recollected Woodstock and good Lady Betty, supplied the *amari aliquid* which is apt to mingle in the cup of human happiness when at its fullest. After a voyage of eight days from Waterford, they sailed into Milford Haven, whence they proceeded on a lengthened tour through the principality. While pursuing their way, they saw many spots that approached their ideal and tempted them to linger; but they pressed forward, believing that still greater attractions lay beyond. It was on a sunny evening in mid-June that they entered the Vale of Llangollen, in Denbighshire; and of all the scenes they had yet beheld, this appeared the loveliest. Here they decided that their future home should be. Though desirous of a secluded life, it was not their intention to cut themselves off from all communication with their kind. Llangollen lay on the main road to Holyhead. By living here they would enjoy the latest news from London and Dublin, besides having a peep at friends who might happen to be travelling either way. The first months of their long residence in the valley were spent at the Hand Inn, where they established friendly relations with the landlord. His advice, and the assistance he gave them in carrying out their plans, were of much value, and they were able in after years to reward him for his good offices by the extensive patronage they brought him. A little cottage standing on high ground, over-

looking the river Dee, and commanding a fine view of the castle-crowned eminence Dinas Bran, took their fancy. This, with three acres of adjoining land, they purchased. The ground, once a turnip-field, looked bare enough, but they perceived that the spot was capable of infinite improvement. The cottage was substantially built and in decent repair, yet too small to contain even three people with comfort. The necessary additions and alterations were begun without delay. Meanwhile, they managed to collect, in their rambles about the country, a quantity of fine old carved oak, and with this their dwelling was embellished within and without. The laying out of their pleasure-ground taxed all their ingenuity; never was so limited a space turned to such good account. The furrowed tract soon became a verdant lawn, with plantations so disposed as to give an idea of extent. Through this there wound a gravelled walk, leading to an ornamental dairy, half-concealed by shrubs, and thence descending to the margin of a brook that ran gurgling to join the Dee.

But these essays in building and landscape-gardening, delightful and successful though they were, proved expensive. In the third year of their residence at Plas Newydd (such was the name they had given their cottage) the two ladies found themselves in debt. It is not exactly known what their pecuniary resources were. Miss Butler is believed to have had some small capital at her own disposal, and it is possible that her brother and sisters may have helped her. Miss Ponsonby can have had little indeed. A reconciliation between her and her relations in Ireland took place subsequently; but just now they were not in correspondence. She ventured very reluctantly to apply to the head of her family, Lord Bessborough, for assistance. She sent him at the same time a silk skull-cap she had knitted for him, and offered him a purse of the same material. She was mistaken in supposing that her attentions would propitiate his lordship. It is clear from the manner of his reply

that she was still in disgrace with her kindred. He addresses her "Madam," and subscribes himself her "obedient humble servant."

I believe (says he) you don't consider that I am near eighty years of age, and almost blind, and you write so small and fine a hand that it is with great difficulty that I read it. You have not dated your letter from any place. I thank you for the pretty cap, but it is too fine to be of use to me. I desire the favor of you not to send me the purse you mention, for I have, I believe, twenty by me, which are not of any use. It has been the fashion for ladies to make purses, and they have been so obliging as to give me a great many.<sup>1</sup>

Here was something of a rebuff. However, the old gentleman sent her a present of £50, which sufficed for her immediate wants.

These were sentimental times, and in people who were understood to have sacrificed everything for friendship, interest was soon aroused. Travellers of high social standing, passing between the two kingdoms, rarely omitted to call at Plas Newydd. Now it is Mr. Robert Stewart (afterwards Lord Castlereagh), hastening Londonwards, who looks in on the friends and assures them gallantly that, should political events in Ireland drive him thence, he will pitch his tent in their vicinity. Again it is Edmund Burke (fresh from his impeachment of Warren Hastings), who chats familiarly with them over a cup of coffee. But, besides such casual visitors, they had in Lady Dungannon, who lived a few miles off, at Brynkinalt, a neighbor and compatriot with whom they were in perfect sympathy. With her were often staying her widowed daughter, Lady Mornington, and one or other of her Wesley<sup>2</sup> grandsons—two of them destined to figure brilliantly in their country's history. On what score Misses Butler and Ponsonby considered themselves worthy objects for State aid, it is hard to say; but they certainly succeeded, with

Lady Dungannon's help, in obtaining a small pension from government. Her eldest grandson, Lord Mornington,<sup>3</sup> a young man who had already made his mark in public life, procured them this favor. The money seems to have been paid irregularly; and evidently in reply to a complaint from them, we find him informing them in 1788 that interest would be made with Mr. Pitt to secure them an allowance more adequate to their needs. This promise, of course, they never lost sight of. They continued to the close of their lives to apply through every available channel for an increased charge upon the Civil List. Lady Mornington's third surviving son, Arthur, a subaltern of nineteen, had at this time just been appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of the lord lieutenant of Ireland. As a boy, he had given little promise of attaining distinction; and when he determined on entering the army, his mother spoke of him as "food for powder, and nothing more." In a letter written to Miss Butler from London, he alludes to him in a different strain:—

I am quite angry with my mother (she writes) for letting you know that we were coming to Wales, as I proposed great pleasure in surprising you. I cannot say exactly when we shall go, but hope soon. There are so many little matters to settle for Arthur, who is just got into the army, and is to go to Ireland in the capacity of aide-de-camp to Lord Buckingham, and must be set out a little for that. In short, I must do everything for him, and when you see him you will think him worthy of it, as he really is a very charming young man. Never did I see such a change for the better in anybody. He is wonderfully lucky. In six months he has got two steps in the army, and appointed A.D.C. to Lord Buckingham, which is ten shillings a day.

The writer was herself detained in town; but a few weeks later Arthur Wesley set out for Ireland to take up his appointment at the viceregal court. He visited his grandmother at Brynkinalt on the way, and she brought him over to Plas Newydd, where an entry in Miss Butler's diary, describing him as "a charming young man, handsome, fashioned, tall, and elegant," shows

<sup>1</sup> This, and other letters relating to the same period, will be found in an article by the Hon. Mrs. Armytage in *Belgravia* for June, 1890.

<sup>2</sup> The name was so written until early in the present century, when it was altered to Wellesley.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Marquis Wellesley.



that he left a favorable impression. The future duke never forgot these friends of his early manhood, but always evinced a warm interest in their welfare. Indeed, they took good care to retain their place in his memory, for, as he mounted the ladder of fame, they looked upon his help as the surest road to an increased pension—and so it proved.

There were days, truly, when, to ordinary mortals, the cottage at Llangollen would have appeared not the liveliest of residences—days when thick mist filled the valley, blotting out every feature of the landscape, when the dripping of ceaseless rain was the only sound without, when travellers were scarce along the road, and news lagged or came not. But its owners were too busy, and had too many resources in themselves, to feel bored. The sincerity of their attachment could not have been better tested than under such conditions. At the end of each fresh entry in the diary above mentioned it is noted, with but slight variation, that “another day of sweet and blessed retirement” had passed.

In 1791 Mr. John Butler's claim to the earldom of Ormonde was acknowledged, and his three sisters assumed the rank and precedence which would have been theirs had their father (sixteenth earl *de jure*) borne that title. From this time, therefore, the elder of our heroines was known as Lady Eleanor Butler. Had she and her companion not been women of high birth, bearing distinguished names, it may be doubted whether the story of their mutual devotion would have brought them the fame it did. But one being a Butler, and the other a Ponsonby, they became objects of universal curiosity. That vivacious Frenchwoman, Madame de Genlis, was so taken by what she heard of them from Lord Castlereagh that she made the journey to Wales\* on purpose to visit them. She was accompanied by her princess pupil, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, her niece, Henriette de Sercey, and her supposed daughter,

\* From Bury St. Edmunds, where she was then residing.

the beautiful Pamela, soon after married to Lord Edward FitzGerald. Plas Newydd was far too small to receive them all. Henriette, Pamela, and the servants found quarters at the Hand, while the other two occupied the only spare bedroom in the cottage. One can fancy what chatter there was in the little library in the evening, when all these tongues—four of them French ones—were let loose. Lady Eleanor, of course, was quite in her element. She was impatient to hear the news from France, whence her guests had fled to escape the storm of revolution, and her inquiries drew forth floods of thrilling information. Madame de Genlis professes to have been charmed by her new acquaintances. It surprised her that people who never moved from a home so rural should be such thorough women of the world as they. Their artistic attainments, their proficiency as linguists, and their extensive knowledge of literature, French and Italian, she duly acknowledges. She mentions with special approval Lady Eleanor's embroidery and Miss Ponsonby's water-color drawings. She was delighted with a little surprise they had prepared for her. On retiring to bed, she was kept awake at first by the raving of the wind in the valley; presently it seemed to lull, as though, she says, “abating its fury on approaching the abode of peace and friendship.” Suddenly there arose sounds of celestial music—chords melodious melting into chords—swelling, falling—singing, sighing, beneath the breeze. She thought of getting up to ascertain the cause, but refrained for fear of disturbing the sleeping princess. Next morning the mystery was explained. There stood on her window-sill an Aeolian harp! The early history of the two ladies as given by Madame de Genlis (on the authority, she says, of Lord Castlereagh) is entirely erroneous—and yet it is on her mis-statements that most accounts of them have, till lately, been founded. Though an agreeable writer, she is not a trustworthy informant where facts are required. If these be wanting, she invents. She



tells us that, at first, the contemplation of so firm, so exclusive a friendship deeply interested her, but that, on after reflection, she could not envy the friends. If, in the course of nature and of time, the elder of the two were taken, how terrible would be the isolation of her that remained, seeing that they had cut themselves off from all family ties! Or, supposing they advanced together to extreme old age, and becoming both deaf and blind, were unable to communicate with one another. The tenderer the affection that bound them, the greater the horror of such a situation. As a provision against this, she recommended them to adopt and educate some children, who would show their gratitude by nursing them in their last days. Her advice, if listened to at the time, was certainly not followed.

One is familiar enough with descriptions of the two ladies supplied by those who saw them late in their lives. It is to Miss Seward, who knew them when they were middle-aged, that we are indebted for a true account of their appearance, habits, and pursuits. Miss Seward, it is hardly necessary to state, was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam, and Canon of Lichfield, himself an author of repute. Lichfield in his day possessed an intellectual society of its own, for Darwin, Day, Edgeworth, and others less known to fame, dwelt there, while over all there brooded the potent influence of Dr. Johnson, who occasionally revisited his native place. Mr. Seward was now dead, but his learned daughter continued to live in the cathedral precincts. She had heard much of the ladies of Llangollen from her friends the Robertses, of Dinbren, who were their near neighbors; and very anxious she was to meet them. A visit she paid to Dinbren in August, 1795, gave her the opportunity; and we have a full account of her impressions in a letter addressed to the Rev. Henry White, of Lichfield. It is conceived in her usual inflated style, and abounds in what was then thought to be fine writing. Of Plas Newydd, which she calls

"a fairy palace amid the bowers of Calypso," she gives a minute description:—

It consists (she writes) of four apartments on the ground floor; the exquisite cleanliness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vying with the finished elegance of the gay, the light-some little dining-room, as that contrasts with the gloomy yet superior grace of the library into which it opens. This saloon of the Minervas contains the finest editions, superbly bound, of the best authors in prose and verse which the English, Italian, and French languages boast, enclosed in neat wire cases; over them the portraits in miniature, and some in larger ovals, of the favored friends of the two ladies. Between the picture of Lady Bradford and the chimney-piece hangs a beautiful entablature, presented by Madame de Genlis, with convex miniatures of herself and her pupil Pamela, divided by a garland of flowers. It has a fine effect to enter this little Gothic library, as I first entered it, at dusk. A soft rosy light was shed around by the lamps; through the open windows could be seen the lawn with its fringe of dark woodland. Above, the grey barren mountains formed the background. The evening star had now risen. The Aeolian harp rang loudly to the breeze, and completed the magic of the scene.

She next introduces us to the owners of this attractive abode:—

Lady Eleanor is of middle height, and somewhat beyond the embonpoint as to plumpness, her face round and fair with the glow of luxuriant health. She has not fine features, but they are agreeable—enthusiasm in her eyes, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. Exhaustless is her fund of historic and traditional knowledge, and of everything passing in the present eventful period. She has uncommon strength and fidelity of memory, and her taste for works of imagination, particularly for poetry, is very awakened, while she expresses all she feels with an ingenuous ardor at which the cold-spirited beings stare. Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, is neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive, is her address and manner. "Her voice, like lover's watched, is kind and low." A face rather long than round; a complexion clear, but without bloom; with a countenance which, from its soft melancholy, has peculiar interest. If her features are not beautiful, they are very sweet and feminine. Such are these extraordinary women, who, in the bosom

of their deep retirement, are sought by the first characters of the age both as to rank and talents. When one considers their intellectual resources, their energy and industry, one is not surprised to hear them asserting that, though they have not once forsaken their vale for thirty hours successively since they entered it, seventeen years ago, yet neither the long summer's day nor winter's night, nor weeks of imprisoning snows, have ever inspired one weary sensation, one wish of returning to the world.<sup>1</sup>

Miss Seward was a poetess. On returning home, she addressed her new disciples in an ode, entitled the "*Vale of Llangollen*," which seems to have been the first of many similar tributes of which they were recipients. They were much flattered at being thus immortalized, and urged her to publish the composition. With a view to this, they had a drawing of their cottage engraved as a frontispiece for the proposed volume. The ode was published, together with a few other poems, and had the effect of bringing its subjects more than ever into notice. But celebrity has its disadvantages, as the ladies of the vale soon found out. Their friends and neighbors alone formed a numerous body; but when every passer-by claimed a right to inspect them and their dwelling, the nuisance became intolerable. They made a rule that only those bringing letters of introduction could be received; yet this did not protect them from annoyance. Miss Seward, who passed four days with them in 1799, says that she could only enjoy uninterrupted conversation with them at night, as the days were mostly spent in trying to evade intruders.<sup>2</sup> Invitations to breakfast, dinner, or supper, or to pass the whole day abroad, they were always ready to accept; but they adhered to a resolu-

tion of never sleeping beneath any roof but their own. When, therefore, their destination was distant, they had to start betimes, not getting home till late at night, or, as occasionally happened, till the small hours of the morning. Wishing to visit Sir Richard Hill at Hawkstone, his palatial mansion near Shrewsbury, the "chaise-and-four" from the Hand was engaged, and away they drove at 5 A.M., with two jolly postboys bobbing in front of them, and the clatter of sixteen hoofs awakening the echoes. Never did their valley look lovelier than when the mists of night were vanishing beneath the rays of the newly risen sun. They reached Ellesmere just as the shop-folk were thinking of taking down their shutters, and having made some purchases there, went on to Hawkstone, quite ready to partake of the breakfast awaiting them.

There exists a tradition at Llangollen, which compilers of local guide-books have helped to perpetuate, that Lady Eleanor first arrived there in the character of a traveller attended by her maid and groom—the groom, forsooth, being Miss Ponsonby, who presented a remarkable figure in buckskin breeches and top-boots! Anything less consistent with Miss Ponsonby's usual behavior than masquerading in such guise can hardly be conceived, and the story may be dismissed as a malicious invention. The style of dress they had adopted was the subject doubtless of much comment and sometimes of ridicule. It was distinctly Welsh, however, and inasmuch as they never dressed otherwise, it saved them the trouble and expense of following the changes in fashion. Their hair was cut short like a man's. They wore men's hats, broad-brimmed and high in the crown, while ample cravats encircled their necks. Each had a short stuff petticoat and an outer garment—half coat, half riding-habit, the body buttoned across the chest, and the skirt, which opened in front, descending to the heels. A pair of stout shoes, leather gloves, and a walking-stick completed the costume. They owned a

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Anna Seward, vol. iv., p. 98.

<sup>2</sup> It was probably on this account that they accorded a rather chilling reception (as he thought) to De Quincey, when he presented himself at Plas Newydd in 1802. He was then a youth of seventeen, who had just run away from the Manchester Grammar School, and was wandering in Wales on the verge of starvation. He was evidently piqued by their not showing more interest than they did in himself and his erratic proceedings. (See *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, 1878, pp. 121 and 122.)

quantity of jewellery, given or bequeathed, and with this, when occasion needed, they plentifully adorned themselves. The lapels of their coats, and their neckcloths, would then glitter with brooches and pins of every size and shape. Moreover, Lady Eleanor was the proud possessor of some foreign decorations, which she was rarely seen without. Prince Pückler Muskau, who met her in her eighty-eighth year, says that she was then wearing "the grand cordon of the Order of St. Louis across her shoulder; secondly, the same order around her neck; thirdly, the small cross in her button-hole; and, *pour comble de gloire*, a golden lily of nearly the natural size as a star—all, she said, presents from the Bourbon family." It has been foolishly asserted that these orders were bestowed on her by the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) at the suggestion of Madame de Genlis. But it was not for him to confer such honors. It is likely that Louis XVIII., during the years he spent in England previous to the Restoration, heard much of her, and that it was he who paid her this compliment in acknowledgment of the strong Bourbon sympathies she always expressed. She had likewise been sent by one of the Irish viceroys (probably Lord Wellesley) the "loyal badge of the *Harp and Crown of Ireland*," and for this, too, she found room on her breast.

Living so far as they did from towns of any size, it must have been seldom, if at all, that the ladies had a chance of seeing a play. When the celebrated actor, Charles Mathews, was fulfilling a theatrical engagement at Oswestry, the opportunity of gratifying their taste for drama was not to be lost. They visited the theatre there one night, Lady Eleanor wearing all her orders, and Miss Ponsonby her finest chains and brooches. Mathews had never seen them, but he knew they were to be present. On advancing to the footlights, and catching sight of them beaming over the edge of their box with looks of keen anticipation, he nearly choked with laughter, and for some minutes could not utter a word. He

quickly recovered his gravity, though, and went through his part to admiration, the visitors from Llangollen joining heartily in the applause. He met them in private soon afterwards,\* and was further complimented on his performance.

It had long been an understood thing that pilgrims to Plas Newydd should leave some substantial memento of their presence behind them. The objects of value and interest which the ladies thus acquired filled their rooms almost to inconvenience. Their collection of autographs, already rich in illustrious names, kept ever increasing. Wilberforce came from far to seek them out, as did the poets Wordsworth and Southey, who both addressed them in verse. The following is Wordsworth's sonnet, composed as he strolled in their garden:—

A stream, to mingle with your favorite  
Dee,  
Along the Vale of Meditation<sup>2</sup> flows;  
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased  
to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose;  
Or haply there some pious hermit chose  
To live and die, the peace of Heaven his  
aim;  
To whom the wild sequestered region  
owes,  
At this late day, its sanctifying name.  
Glyn Cafailgaroch in the Cambrian  
tongue,  
In ours the Vale of Friendship, let this  
spot  
Be named; where, faithful to a low-  
roofed cot,  
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;  
Sisters in love—a love allowed to climb,  
Even on this earth, above the reach of  
Time!

But far the most memorable of such events was their interview—all too brief—with Sir Walter Scott in 1825. Sir Walter had just been to Ireland, where his progress was a veritable triumph. The ovation given him had almost wearied him out, and he was looking forward to a peaceful return home. To the ladies at Plas Newydd he was, without exception, the most attractive literary figure of the age.

\* At Porkington, when dining with the Ormsby-Gores.

<sup>2</sup> Glyn Myrwr.

On learning that he was expected at the Hand, they sent a message pressing him, in terms the most flattering, to call at their retreat, and with this request the genial author could not but comply. It seems a pity that he did not meet them when they were younger, their faculties brighter, their aspect less queer. The account of them given us by Lockhart (Sir Walter's son-in-law and travelling companion) is in startling contrast to that written by Miss Seward thirty years before. "We had read histories and descriptions enough of these romantic spinsters," says he, in a letter relating the incident, "and were prepared to be well amused; but the reality surpassed all expectation." After alluding to the legend that Miss Ponsonby had made her appearance in the valley arrayed as a groom, which he seems more than half inclined to accept as true, he continues:—

We proceeded up the hill and found everything about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women—one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five<sup>1</sup>—dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that, at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection, they both wear a world of brooches, rings, etc., and Lady Eleanor positively orders—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have cropped their heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the *ci-devant* groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything, to the dressing-closets) covered with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir Walter's poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about Waverley, and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really

was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal butter dug up in a Milesian stone jar from the bottom of some Irish bog.<sup>2</sup> Great romance (i.e., absurd innocence of character) one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with eager curiosity about, and enormous knowledge of, the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the Antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV. down to magazine poets and quack doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of bluestockingism again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls. They have long been guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by man, woman, and child about them.<sup>3</sup>

Sir Walter submitting resignedly to the embraces of his enthusiastic admirers—here, surely, is a scene that might be transferred to canvas with effect! Intending exhibitors at the Royal Academy, accept the hint!

The ladies would never consent to sit for their portraits, though often urged to do so. Lady Leighton,<sup>4</sup> however, who was latterly much in their society, made a sketch of them, which has been engraved, and is often to be met with. They are seated in their library at a table covered with books and papers, their well-filled bookshelves forming a background. Lady Eleanor, who is taken in full face, is wearing her *Croix de St. Louis*, and appears a little spare old woman, with neat features, and an expression somewhat blank. Miss Ponsonby, a far ampler figure, is represented in profile. Her countenance is heavy, but indicative of great benevo-

<sup>2</sup> They also presented Sir Walter with a "harp of pure Irish gold," mounted as a scarf-pin. He mentions in his "Diary" that, when travelling south some years afterwards, he left this ornament behind at the Inn at Garstang, in Lancashire, to his great annoyance. We are not told whether he ever recovered it.

<sup>3</sup> Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Edinburgh, 1845, p. 564.

<sup>4</sup> Second wife of General Sir Baldwyn Leighton, of Loton Park.

<sup>1</sup> He was mistaken as to their ages. Lady Eleanor was eighty-six, and Miss Ponsonby seventy.

lence. Both are bent with age. Between them, on a high chair, sits a stately cat, taking apparently a purring, blinking share in the discussion going forward. Looking at them thus, one can only accept Lockhart's picture as a caricature. Charles Mathews was probably nearer the mark when he likened them to "a pair of superannuated old clergymen." It is worthy of remark that to none in their closest confidence—not even to Miss Seward—do they appear to have ever divulged the true causes of their forsaking their homes and living in and for each other. It was plainly their desire that this secret should be buried with them.

They still clung pertinaciously to their scheme of obtaining an increased pension from government, and the interest they commanded was such that they always managed to gain the ear of those in power. Lord Castlereagh, whom they were constantly pressing, was constrained to point out to them "the extreme difficulty of procuring, in the indigent state of the Pension Fund, provision from that source." When death deprived them of his assistance, they laid siege to Canning, and there exists a letter from him, thanking them for a present of Welsh mutton (sent him, probably, as a reminder), but saying nothing about the pension. From this out, their hopes were fixed upon the Duke of Wellington, whose rising star they had long been watching. The duke took the matter up with characteristic zeal, but ere he attained his object, the elder of the applicants had ceased to need the help of man. Lady Eleanor Butler died on June 2, 1829, in her ninetieth year. A few weeks later, Miss Ponsonby received the following communication:—

London, July 17, 1830.

My dear Miss Ponsonby,—I have the pleasure to inform you that the king was yesterday most graciously pleased to grant you a pension on the Civil List of two hundred pounds a year net, of which I sincerely congratulate you. I hope this will secure your comfort as far as it can be at present.—Believe me, yours most affectionately,  
WELLINGTON.

The affair was altogether a gross job,

as the good lady had no sort of claim on the national bounty. Nevertheless, one is glad to know that she was not left without provision, and everybody must sympathize with the duke's pleasure in performing a kind action—albeit at the cost of the much-enduring British taxpayer. Some twenty years before this, Mary Carrol (or Carryl, as the name is spelt on her tombstone), the faithful servant who accompanied the ladies in their flight from Ireland, had died. Over her grave in the churchyard a pointed triangular monolith was erected, bearing an epitaph in verse composed by her mistresses. To the same resting-place the remains of Lady Eleanor were now consigned. It is only those who have suffered a like bereavement who can realize what the severance of this fond companionship must have been to the lonely survivor. Consolation she doubtless derived from the ready sympathy shown her by her friends, and the little unobtrusive attentions by which her humbler neighbors proved their gratitude for past favors. But the desolation of the heart was there. The lost presence could never be restored. Her health began to fall, and she ceased going to any distance from home. When she did leave the house, her steps were directed to the churchyard and the grave where her companions reposed. The villagers were accustomed to seeing the solitary figure of their benefactress, as she passed slowly between these two loved spots, and they noted with concern how feeble she grew. Her manner when addressing them was gentle as of yore, but her eyes had lost their light, and her thoughts seemed far away. As her infirmities increased, she was seen less and less abroad. At length, on December 9, 1831, just as the first fall of snow was whitening the ground, there came the call she was waiting patiently to obey.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
JOHN ZIZKA.

Few figures in history remain wrapped in so mysterious and so terri-



ble a gloom as that of John Zizka. He is vaguely remembered as a great hero in a little-known religious struggle: there are dim rumors of his skill in the field of battle and appalling tales of his cruelty; and there is the apocryphal, though characteristic legend, that after his death his skin was made into a drum to cheer his Orphans to the fight. But it is not known to every one that he was one of the most remarkable soldiers that ever trod this earth, a stern disciplinarian, a heaven-born leader, a consummate tactician, the first of the moderns who taught men to manoeuvre in face of the enemy, and in fact the inventor of our present tactics of the three arms.

And the man was blind when he did his best work. He fought the greatest of his campaigns after he had lost the sight of both eyes; yet even blind he remained the ablest general of his time, and was more dreaded than ten thousand seeing men. What we know of him we learn almost exclusively from the report of his enemies; but even they, for all their bitter hatred against a rebel and a heretic, are moved to unwilling admiration by his astonishing genius. They abuse him, they curse him, they call him devil, they denounce him as anathema, but they cannot resist the fascination of his strength. The best account of his tactics in war comes from the pen of Aeneas Sylvius, better known as Pope Pius the Second.

John Zizka von Troknow was born, so nearly as reasonable conjecture can fix the date, about the year 1354. Little is known of his youth. It is certain that he was of noble family in Bohemia, that he enjoyed high favor with its king Wenceslaus, that, as was the fashion of the time, he devoted himself from the first to the business of war, and that he fought with the Poles at Tannenberg (1410) in the great battle which broke the power of the Teutonic knights. He seems to have been in every way a pugnacious man, for we find that in 1409 King Wenceslaus interposed to reconcile him with the magistrates of Budweis,

whence we may reasonably infer that he took an active part in the eternal quarrels of the barons and royal princes during those troubled times. Yet he lived to the age of past sixty, a long life in those days, without making any particular mark in the world: he had fought like his brothers of the nobility, and had lost an eye on active service; and that was all. Suddenly, in five short years, years of blindness and old age, he leaped above the horizon with the swiftness of the tropical sun. We have no space to more than mention the cause that called him to arms. The small flame kindled by the humble parson of Lutterworth had found fuel in the Sacrament in both kinds, which gave the followers of Huss the name of Utraquists, with the insistence on the sole authority of Scripture in matters of religion, had led to open revolt against the Church of Rome and all its abuses. Thereupon, as usually happens, there followed collateral rebellion against all constituted authority, with vague schemes of a kingdom of God upon earth, democracy, republicanism, socialism, communism, what not,—all the hidden fires which burst out periodically from the depths of human doubt and unrest, to be quenched for a time in blood and tears, and to blaze up in due course once more. The Church and the Emperor Sigismund (who was likewise heir to the kingdom of Bohemia) met the first movement by the burning of John Huss (1417), and from that moment it would appear that Zizka, a passionate adherent of the martyred man, made up his mind to war. Nicholas von Huss came to the same decision at the same time; and the pair then determined that their war must be waged, not with mere force only, but with art.

The death of King Wenceslaus in 1419 and a violent outbreak in Prague, headed by Zizka himself, brought matters to a crisis. There seemed to be little chance for the Hussites, seeing that the whole fighting power (as it was then esteemed) of Bohemia was



against them. The barons and the aristocracy generally were, for the most part, loyal to pope and emperor, and they with their following, mailed knights on barded horses, were still held to be the only arm of strength in war. The Swiss, indeed, had beaten such knights with pike and halberd at Sempach, and the English with the cloth-yard shaft at Crecy, Poitiers, and quite recently at Agincourt; but Zizka had no peasants trained for centuries to war, nor archers unmatched in their skill with the bow. His recruits were hard-working citizens, handicraftsmen, and peasants, who had no skill but in their own trade, no strength but in their devotion to the cause, no arms but their wagons and their flails. Wagons and flails! never surely since Samson took his sword of bone wherewith to smite the Philistines was chosen stranger material of war; but for Zizka, as for Samson, it sufficed. In October the barons formed a league and bound themselves to put down all disturbers of the public peace. They raised a considerable number of troops, including German mercenaries, of all men most hateful to the Bohemians, and on the 17th of the month formally began the siege of the rebellious city of Prague.

They had not lain before it more than a week when Zizka made a sally against the Imperial garrison of a castle that overawed the south of the town, drove it out, and replaced it by one of his own. Then came a critical time. The country people of the Hussite following had been bidden to assemble at Prague on the 10th of November, and were beginning to stream towards it from all sides, when they were met and dispersed by the Catholic nobles. Only those that came from the south and south-west made any resistance; and after some bloodshed, the first of the war, they succeeded in forcing their way to the city. They reached it on the 4th of November, on which day Zizka made a second sally against other of the hostile garrisons, and after some sharp

fighting drove them out. A number of irregular combats followed until the 9th of November, when an armistice was agreed on, to last until the 23rd of April, 1420. Zizka, who had strongly opposed this truce, now withdrew in dudgeon to Pilsen; but for the present he had done enough in Prague. He was recognized as the military leader for the coming war, and had work waiting for him elsewhere.

At Pilsen he set to work to strengthen the fortifications and to drill his men to win victory with wagon and flail. The flails were shod with iron, and the wagons equipped after a fashion which, though known even in the time of King Wenceslaus in 1413, was most probably of Zizka's invention. They were fitted with hanging planks and pent-houses (*sturmdacher*, storm-roofs) to make them individually impregnable, and with "wings" of wood which could be thrust out and fastened to those of adjoining wagons, in order to form a continuous bulwark. So cunningly were the joints fitted that they could be opened and closed in a moment at the general's direction. A stationary wagon-fortress was of course no new thing; but Zizka had thought out his plans for a movable wagon-fortress, and this was the task that now engaged his attention. The first essential of course was perfection in drill, discipline, and organization, and this he accomplished with astonishing success. The details of his drill have been apparently to some extent preserved, but in the old Bohemian language only, and remain therefore unintelligible even to experts in Czech dialects. But his articles of war were fortunately brought to light in the year 1792, and give us a fair idea of the order on which he insisted and of the severity of his discipline. We can here note only the strictness of obedience enjoined upon all ranks alike. He would suffer no distinctions of birth or position to interfere with discipline; the man who disobeys orders shall be punished in body and goods, "be he

prince, knight, noble, burgher, handicraftsman, or peasant, no one excepted!" But the organization of the wagon-fort must have been perfect. Every soul had his appointed place (as at quarters in a man-of-war), and was taught exactly where to go and what to do. This must have been a difficult matter in itself; but it was a trifle compared to the lessons to be taught to the wagon-drivers. For Zizka made his wagons a manoeuvrable arm; the drivers were taught distinct and complicated evolutions, which enabled the whole form of the *luciger* to be changed at a given signal. How admirably these were executed is plain from the recorded fact that nothing astonished and puzzled his enemies so much as the various "figures" assumed by the wagons.

The whole organization of the force, when finally perfected, was based on the unit of the wagon. Every thousand of Hussites was made up of nine hundred foot, one hundred horse, and fifty wagons. To every wagon were appointed twenty men,—one driver, two horsemen, thirteen crossbowmen or arquebusiers, and four others, two of whom were especially told off to protect the driver. Let us note in passing the wisdom of this last provision to enable the drivers to concentrate the whole of their attention on their peculiar duty. For action Zizka's favorite plan was to form the wagons in four parallel columns, two outer and two inner, each wagon being attached by chains to that moving immediately behind it. The whole army, excepting the cavalry, was stationed within the wagons, a due proportion being detailed for the defence of each, so as to secure the flanks, and the remainder drawn up to fight in the front. As the enemy advanced within reach, the two outer columns advanced likewise, and then wheeling inwards joined each other so as to enclose the enemy completely, who, being encompassed by a ring of combatants, were inevitably annihilated. If it were necessary to open a gangway in the bulwark of wagons, either to admit the cavalry for

defence or to set free the infantry for attack, the general had but to give the word and the thing was done without difficulty. When artillery and cavalry were added, as in due time they were, to the moving fortress, it became in Zizka's hands impregnable; but at the first he started, as we shall see, with wagons and flails only.

We must picture to ourselves as best we can the training of the Bohemians in these tactics during December, 1419, and the first three months of 1420. Trying and provoking work it must have been, for it was long since manoeuvres so elaborate had been known in Europe; but it was accomplished without quarrelling or profane swearing, for these vices were as strictly forbidden as in the regiments of Ironside. Early in 1420 the country people came flying into Pilsen; for a prophet had declared that the end of the world was at hand and that vengeance was in store for every town in Bohemia except Pilsen and four others. So they came in fast with bag and baggage, placed their goods in the hands of the clergy, and formed themselves into communities that had all things in common; and a fresh batch of recruits, with their wagons, was moulded into shape by the master's hand. Shortly after an ally of the Emperor Sigismund came down against Pilsen with two thousand men, but was met and beaten off by Zizka with but three hundred and a due proportion of wagons; and then the Imperial army moved down in overwhelming force to formally besiege the town. Zizka then sought out a new stronghold, the famous Tabor, which still keeps its name, strengthened its already strong position by fortification, and installed therein the greater part of the garrison of Pilsen. He then agreed, on certain stipulated conditions, to evacuate Pilsen, and accordingly marched away.

While making his retreat he was pursued by five thousand cavalry under the command of Herr von Sternberg, a body of troops so perfectly equipped that they were known

at the time, and for many years after, as the Iron Men. Against these Zizka could oppose but four hundred men of all ranks, and twelve wagons; but seeing that an action was inevitable, he fixed swiftly on an advantageous position, drew up his wagons by a pond which protected his rear, and awaited the attack. On came the enemy, but found that if they hoped to carry his position they must dismount and storm it on foot, Zizka had foreseen this, and ordered the women to throw their shawls about the spurred heels of the knights to trip them up. The struggle lasted many hours, amid what din of Czech curses, clank of sprawling knights, and shrill female laughter we can but faintly imagine, until night fell and the enemy retired from before the wagon-fortress discomfited. So ended the battle of Sudomer, fought on the 25th of March, 1420, while English landlords were peaceably collecting their rents for Lady-day. Zizka halted for the night in the battle-field, having lost several men killed and thirty prisoners, but next day made good his retreat. Ten days later (April 5th) he surprised two thousand of the Iron Men in the town of Jung Wozle before daybreak, defeated them with heavy loss, released his own captured men, and took a large number of horses and a quantity of arms. He was thus enabled to organize a body of cavalry.

Meanwhile the emperor had not been idle. On the 1st of March Pope Martin the Fifth had, at his request, issued a Bull of Crusade calling all Christendom to arms against Wicliffites, Hussites, and other heretics. The news reached Breslau on the 17th of March and caused great consternation in Prague. The rich Catholics fled almost to a man, leaving the Hussites practically alone in the town. The latter organized themselves for resistance and urged all of their following in Bohemia to send deputies to take measures for the future. Then, immediately on the expiration of the armistice (April 25th), they turned to

plunder the Bohemian churches, reputed the most splendid and wealthy in the world. Zizka himself, after an active share in this work, marched in force against the castle of Rabic, where the Catholics had stored their most precious possessions, and took it. His men saved only the actual coin, the horses and arms; the rest they burned with fire, together with seven monks, as unprofitable lumber. It is one of the most terrible features of this terrible war that account must be taken not only of the slain on both sides, but of the burned.

During these weeks Sigismund was slowly advancing with such forces as he could raise, pending the arrival of the Army of Crusade, and by the 12th of May was before Kutteneberg. The Pragers offered to surrender if he would grant them amnesty and allow them to receive the cup in communion; but Sigismund in his blindness would not hear of such terms, and it became more than ever clear that the war must be fought out to the end. All now hung on the issue whether the Hussites would be able to concentrate in Prague before it was completely shut in by the enemy. Could Prague but be held against the Army of Crusade for a sufficient time, that army must necessarily break up; for always in the warfare of the fifteenth century the greater the numbers of the host, the swifter its dissolution. Sigismund knew this and Zizka knew it, and each set himself to outdo the other. Zizka won; he burned Beneschau to the ground, utterly defeated ten thousand of the Imperial cavalry in a night attack, and on the 20th of May led his army safely into Prague.

Freed for the moment from the pressure of immediate danger, the Hussites at once began to fight among themselves. The lower ranks of the Taborites could not endure the luxury and worldly display of the Pragers, the moustaches of the men, and the gorgeous clothing of the women. There was, in fact, much the same difference between the parties as between the followers of Essex and

Cromwell in our own Civil War. The rough peasants tweaked the offending moustaches openly in the streets; their wives, fortunately finding a safer victim, wrecked a convent in the new town and drove out the nuns. The schism was to be deepened before long, but for the moment it was fortunately healed by the arrival of the Army of Crusade. A more motley host than this was rarely gathered together. Every country in Europe, excepting Italy and Scandinavia, and not excepting England, was represented; Duke Albrecht and Markgraf Frederick of Brandenburg and other distinguished leaders were at their head, and bishops and prelates abounded. On Sunday, the 30th of June, 1420, the siege of Prague began.

For a whole fortnight the huge unwieldy host, a hundred thousand men in all, lay inactive round the city. The Germans indeed taunted the besieged with yells of *Huss* and *Heretic*, and the Taborites sallied out from time to time with their flails to thrash them into silence. At last, on the 14th of July, Sigismund delivered his attack on three different quarters. Sixteen thousand men were launched against the western half of the city on the left bank of the Moldau; another body assailed the eastern half from the south, and a third from the north. But the fiercest struggle of all was destined to be fought on the Witkows-berg, better known as the Ziscaberg, which lies without the town on its eastern side. Zizka, appreciating the importance of the position for preserving his communication with the exterior, had erected thereon two wooden forts which he had surrounded with a ditch and a wall of earth and stone, and garrisoned the position with twenty-six men, two women, and a girl. At vespertide on that summer Sunday, seven or eight thousand cavalry advanced with loud shouting and clang of trumpets against the Ziscaberg, carried an outwork on a lower slope of the hill, and passed on to the tiny fortress above. The garrison waited quietly. "No Christian

should give way to Antichrist," observed one stout woman as she gathered up her skirts for action; and so the fight began. How long this tiny garrison fought against these overwhelming odds is unknown, but fight it did with unconquerable tenacity; while the knights, compelled perforce to advance with a narrow front, needed all their courage to face the terrible whirling flails. The Taborites were sorely pressed; the woman who had spoken so bravely, acted up to her words and fought to the death; they seemed likely to be overwhelmed when the assaulting force was suddenly alarmed by an attack in the rear. It was Zizka, who with a small body of men had sallied out from the town. The fight became more furious than ever, and Zizka himself was only saved from the midst of a throng of enemies by his devoted flailmen. Those in the town watched the contest in agonized suspense, till at last a party of them, headed by a priest bearing the Host, issued suddenly from the gates, fought their way to Ziscaberg and fell suddenly upon the flank and read of the attacking knights. Such was the fury of their onset upon the hated Germans that they laid five hundred of them dead on the field. The rest staggered back, and then men and horses in wild panic crashed headlong down the scarped precipice towards the town. Hundreds perished in the flight untouched by an enemy's hand. Meanwhile the Pragers manned their guns in the town and made fearful gaps in the other attacking columns. Finally the assault was beaten off at all points; fifteen hundred Imperialists lay dead around the town, and the rest were utterly beaten and demoralized. Then, as the din of battle died away, there rose up jubilant *Te Deum* from the victors in the town, and Sigismund, devoured by wrath and chagrin, withdrew in silent fury to his tent.

Next day the watchful Zizka strengthened his fort in the Witkows-berg; but the work was done. The besiegers, maddened at their defeat,

could hardly be kept from fighting each other; and finally, on the 2nd of August, the unhappy Sigismund withdrew with so much of the great Army of the Crusade as had not already marched off on its own account, and the siege of Prague was over.

Zizka now addressed himself to the reduction of southern Bohemia. During the winter Sigismund made one unavailing attempt to rescue his adherents; but always as he advanced the schismatics of Tabor and Prague, ceasing their quarrels, drew together against the common foe. At last, in February, 1421, he evacuated the country altogether, while Zizka went on his conquering way, leaving his mark everywhere in fire and blood, till Bohemia was wholly subdued to the Hussites.

Though the emperor was forced for the present to remain inactive from want of money, the pope's legate with the electors of Cologne, Treves, Mayence, and the palatinate formed a league against the heretics, while the prince of Silesia invaded the country from the east and visited the unhappy villages with frightful cruelty. This new force, however, retreated before the advancing Hussites, who now taking the initiative avenged themselves by massacre and burning until checked by a first and crushing defeat at Brux. Zizka was not with them at this time, being engaged at the siege of Rabi; and there also misfortune awaited the new communion. The great chief was struck by an arrow in his one seeing eye and blinded forever. He hurried back to Prague, learned that all chance of cure was gone, and bating no jot of heart or hope started off, his wound still unhealed, to avenge the defeat of Brux. Shortly after (September 10th) the second Crusading Army, some hundred and twenty thousand men strong, crossed the Bohemian frontier at Eger, and besieged Saaz. A bare report that the blind general was coming was enough to raise the siege, and the huge host drifted back,—drifted into space. It would seem, for history is almost

wholly silent as to its subsequent movements.

But now Sigismund was in the field once more with eighty thousand Hungarians and Croats, and aided by twelve thousand men under Duke Albert of Austria was advancing through Moravia to recover his kingdom. One week sufficed to organize the defence of Bohemia and to collect supplies, and on the eighth day, though the host opposed to them was of thrice its numbers, well led, well equipped, and inured to war, Pragers and Taborites, united once more by the common danger, marched eastward against it in confidence under the leadership of an old blind man.

Kuttenberg was the centre of operations, and the point for which Zizka first made; but Sigismund marched so slowly that it was not until Sunday the 21st of December that the priests, when service was over, bade the Hussites arm themselves for battle. After a frugal breakfast they marched forth to the music of the church bells, but had not advanced half a mile when they met huge herds of bullocks, which the Imperialists were driving before them in the hope of blunting the edge of the Hussite attack. Zizka formed his wagon-fortress at once, massing his artillery on the outer columns. For the whole day the Hungarians tried in vain to storm it; but meanwhile Kuttenberg had been surrendered to Sigismund by treachery, and Zizka's retreat was cut off. His little force now lay like an island in a sea of enemies. At dusk he fought his way out, took up a fresh position, and halted for the night, only to find himself surrounded again on the following morning. His men were much distressed by cold, hunger, and want of space, but he refused to move until midnight when he suddenly opened his attack by loud alarms and a furious artillery-fire, which so startled the enemy that they allowed him to march away in safety without the loss even of a scrap of his baggage.

Sigismund in his infatuation now made up his mind that the heretics



were finally dispersed, and taking up his own quarters at Kuttenberg distributed his troops among the villages around for convenience of obtaining supplies. Zizka, leaving his force at Colln, hastened away to raise reinforcements. In a fortnight he returned, and on the 6th of January, 1422, he suddenly burst upon Sigismund's scattered troops like a thunderbolt. Hundreds of Hungarians were cut down at the first onslaught, and the panic spread with awful rapidity from village to village, until Sigismund himself, fearful of falling into the hands of the heretics, took horse and fled with the rest. In his fury he set fire to Kuttenberg in several places, but the Hussites were so hard on his track that they extinguished the flames almost immediately. Not for two days could Sigismund's general rally his army, when he drew it up at Habern, half-way between Kuttenberg and Deutsch Brod, and offered battle; but at the mere sight of the advancing Hussites the Hungarians once more broke and fled. That evening they were again induced to rally under the walls of Deutsch Brod in order to cover Sigismund's retreat. The light was not gone before Zizka came up with them and attacked without a moment's hesitation. The Hungarians were again defeated with great slaughter; many were driven headlong into the town; others fled across the frozen Sazawa, where the ice broke under the weight of the fugitives and delivered hundreds of men and horses to a miserable death. The next morning Zizka opened the siege of Deutsch Brod, and on the following day the garrison parleyed for surrender. But while negotiations were in hand the Hussites without Zizka's orders, stole into the town, and then all was over. The inhabitants were literally exterminated; and for seven years Deutsch Brod was a home only for dogs and wolves. Never was victory more complete than this, and never one more worthily gained. The story of the week's actions reads rather like that of Napoleon in his prime than of

a blind old man four hundred and fifty years ago. Yet he alone of the victors was sorrowful, for his men had dealt treacherously with Deutsch Brod. To the day of his death he lamented the massacre, and so soon as he could, he led his army thither again, "to do penance in the spot where it had sinned."

Then, as usual, the divisions among the Hussites broke out afresh, and Zizka found himself opposed to the Pragers on the one side and an extreme section of his own Taborites on the other. We have no space here to enter into the distinction between them; it must suffice that Pragers, Zizkaïtes, and extreme Taborites stood towards each other in much the same relation as Anglicans, Lutherans, and Calvinists. In August the meeting of a Reichstag at Nuremberg to concert measures for a third crusade did little to draw the contending parties together; and the schism finally ended in the expulsion of the Taborites from Prague. Warlike operations against the Catholics were ended in the autumn by an armistice until Martinmas, 1423, and the complete breakdown of the third crusading force left the Hussites at liberty to fight it out among themselves. In April Zizka's difference with the barons of the Hussite communion became so acute that he marched against them with an armed force from Deutsch Brod. At Horec the two armies met, Zizka, with his usual craft choosing his position so that he could place his artillery to advantage, and compel the knights to dismount for the attack. He took care to select ground which gave his enemies no opportunity of tying up their horses, so that from the necessity of detaching men to hold them the effective strength of their force was inevitably diminished. Needless to say the chivalry was hopelessly defeated.

Meanwhile the Pragers on their side were fighting as hard against the Taborites though with poor success. In June, however, they marched into Moravia to disperse an army that was



in course of assembly by Sigismund, and at Kremaier routed it completely. Then hearing that Zizka, at the invitation of the inhabitants, had occupied the town of Königgrätz to the exclusion of their own party, they actually forsook the fruits of their victory to turn against him. On the 4th of August the old blind man met them before Königgrätz and defeated them disastrously; and then without delay he marched into Moravia against the common enemy. Little is known of this famous campaign. It is certain only that he traversed the whole of Moravia and marched far into Hungary; that the Hungarians sought to entice him deeper and deeper into the country, and that he refused to be entrapped. He fought his way into the country and he fought his way out; he was perpetually attacked on his march, but always without success. Whether his way lay across rivers or forests, over mountain or valley, the wagon-fortress was always deftly accommodated to the ground and formed into an invincible stronghold. At last after incessant fighting, once for six days running, the Hungarians sulkily gave up the struggle. "It was the Devil himself, that advised him," they said. "How could we get at him?" So the old man returned, as it were from the deserts of space, always and unceasingly victorious.

We now enter upon his last year, which is called his year of blood. It is difficult to follow him through this bitter campaign against his former friends of Prague. He was hard pressed by superior numbers and more than once in great peril, but he managed to effect his retreat to a position which pleased him at Maleschau, close to Kuttenberg, where on the 7th of June he turned and faced his foes. He posted himself on a hill, which he carefully entrenched, and drew up his wagons wheel to wheel, setting apart a certain number which he filled with stones and hid behind his force of cavalry. The Pragers came on with alacrity, for he had long retreated before them, and they thought that he

was afraid. He suffered them to advance to the foot of his hill, and then his cavalry wheeled off right and left from his front, while his footmen brought the loaded wagons forward and launched them down the hill into the enemy's ranks. All order was broken among the Pragers; Zizka's artillery opened a heavy fire, and the first line of the attack falling back in confusion drew the whole of the rest with them into flight. The Pragers lost fourteen hundred men killed, with all their baggage, guns, and ammunition. As usual Zizka pressed on after his victory, and was busy taking possession of the Pragers' strongholds one after another, when he was called away southward towards Pilsen to fight his legitimate king Sigismund.

The rest is soon told. The Hussites laid siege to Prebislau and there (says the old Chronicle), "Brother Zizka fell sick of the plague and ended his life, commending his soul to our dear Lord, on the Wednesday before St. Gall (October 11th, 1424). And therewith his people took the name of Orphans, as though it was their father that had died; and when they had vanquished the town they burned them that had defended it with fire, even to the number of sixty men that bare arms; the town also they kindled and destroyed it. And Prokopak and Ambros, the priests, took the body of Zizka to Königgrätz and laid it in the Church of the Holy Ghost by the high altar, but not to its last rest, for afterwards the corpse was taken to Czaslau and buried in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul."

So ended Brother Zizka; brother to the last, for though in religious matters he had moderate opinions, politically he was a determined democrat; "He that disobeys orders shall be punished, be he prince or peasant, without favor or exception." He was cruel and relentless, but those were relentless and cruel times, and he never broke faith with an enemy. As a man he is not easily judged, but as a military genius he is difficult to match. To have created an army out of nothing and

raised its prestige to such a height that even seven years after his death the first generals in Europe fled before it without a blow; to have invented a completely new system of tactics; to have trained men in manoeuvres more intricate than had been known since the great days of the Roman legions; to have handled infantry, cavalry, and artillery in combination, and to have shown the strength of field-artillery two centuries and more before the rest of Europe,—this is part of his title to military fame. To the present writer he seems entitled to rank with the great soldiers of history, with Hannibal and Caesar, with Marlborough, Wellington, and Napoleon. He fought countless actions without a single defeat, always against troops superior in number and equipment; and the greatest of these he won after he had lost the sight of both eyes. Blindness seems only to have increased his powers of strategic divination. His part in restoring the art of war has been sadly neglected by military historians, and yet his work is immortalized even in the English language. For the words *pistol* and *howitzer* are both taken from the Bohemian, and would never have stamped themselves upon military terminology but for old, blind, unconquerable Zizka.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

I.

The late Mr. Frederick Locker—as his friends continued to call him—shows us many phases of society through the lognettes of his “London Lyrics,” but the glasses are always so held as to exclude whatever might disturb the easy level of conversation and manners. He takes his time—as becomes the man of leisure—over each, but he does not dwell long enough upon any particular picture to allow interest to exceed the limits of well-bred reserve. His sad scenes may touch us to tender melancholy, but never to tears; his gay ones

to smiles, but seldom to laughter. Of hurry, heroics, and hysteria he scarcely recognizes the existence. There is barely more of movement in his verses than is needed to indicate the champing and pawing of her ladyship’s high-stepping greys, impatient for the descent of their mistress from the drawing-room where she is sipping tea—scarcely more of sound than the pleasant buzz and murmur of subdued small-talk, which wells out, and dies away, from the same drawing-room, with every opening and shutting door. In his company we breathe again the ample morning air of leisure—for to the man of leisure the day is always at the morn. In an age when every poet has his “message,” every novelist his “mission,” Mr. Locker would make no serious business either of literature or of life. A favored pupil of the Muse, he played truant from her class, as he played truant from the school of the taskmistress Life. He elected to don the cap and bells, when he might have worn the singing robes of the poet; just as he preferred to accept the irresponsible *role* of the collector and the country gentleman rather than enter into competition for the great posts in the professions or the public service, for which he was, in many ways, qualified. As a diplomat, his knowledge of men and of society, his judgment, his  *finesse*, his unerring tact and taste, and his fine presence and charm of personality, would have made him a marked man. But his dislike to everything which tended to disturb the level of things, and his habitual “backwardness,” added, one is bound to confess, to constitutional indolence and love of ease, made him shrink from the excitement and distraction of public life; as he shrank from challenging that serious recognition as a poet—apart from his reputation as a writer of light verse—to which he had it in his power to make good his claim.

And here I venture to dissent from the verdict of the *Athenaeum*\* that Mr. Locker’s “obvious defect was lack of singing power.” It is hardly to be expected of work which is intentionally pitched in a conversational key that it

\* Obituary notice, June 8, 1895.

should rival in melody some passionate song of love or sorrow. But the very fact that he has set small-talk to music—and so adroitly that the music never checks the flow of conversation—seems sufficient proof of his lyrical gift. Just as in reading some passage which, though printed as prose, and appearing as part of a prose work, is purposely written in metre, but is so skilfully led up to that we do not at first notice the fact that the words have marshalled themselves into lines, and are moving across the page like the rhythmic marching past of troops—so in Mr. Locker's work, the graceful nothings of the drawing-room are so dexterously set to music, that we are hardly aware that conversation has passed into song, while remaining conversation. And whenever he essays to sing, he seems to me to have the true lyrical note. Three stanzas may, by way of example, be quoted from the poem "The Cuckoo."

It came, and with a strange, sweet cry,  
A friend, but from a far-off land;  
We stood and listened, hand in hand,  
And heart to heart, my Love and I.

In dreamland then we found our joy,  
And so it seem'd as 'twere the Bird  
That Helen in old times had heard  
At noon beneath the oaks of Troy.

O time far off, and yet so near!  
It came to her in that hush'd grove,  
It warbled while the wooing throve,  
It sang the song she liked to hear.

If these stanzas, in the metre of "In Memoriam," had been printed as part of that noble poem, not many would have suspected them to be by another hand. Very Tennysonian, too, is the touch in the lyric "It might have been,"—especially in the concluding verse:

Dear bird! Blithe bird that sing'st in  
frost,  
Forgive my friend if he is sad;  
He mourns what he has only lost,—  
I weep what I have never had.

And here is a lyric which, with all respect to the critic of the *Athenaeum*, I make bold to say is pure song, and song, too, with its own individual note:

AT HER WINDOW.

Ah, Minstrel, how strange is  
The carol you sing!  
Let Psyche who ranges  
The garden of Spring,  
Remember the changes  
December will bring.

Beating Heart! we come again  
Where my Love reposes:  
This is Mabel's window-pane;  
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel  
In the twilight stilly,  
Lily clad from throat to heel,  
She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,  
Fading will forsake her;  
Elves of light on beamy bars,  
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead  
At her flowery grating;  
If she hear me will she heed?  
Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be deck'd anon,  
Zoned in bride's apparel;  
Happy zone! O hark to yon  
Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,  
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;  
Hush, her lattice moves; O hush—  
Dearest Mabel!—dearest . . .

A living critic of the first rank has pronounced this "one of the most beautiful love-songs of the century," and though it may strike too passionate a note to come well within the definition of *vers de societe*, many of Mr. Locker's admirers will count it more worthy of preservation than much of the "Society Verse" by which he is thought to be best represented. Take, for instance, "Rotten Row," which commences as follows:

I hope I'm fond of much that's good,  
As well as much that's gay;  
I'd like the country if I could;  
I love the Park in May:  
And when I ride in Rotten Row,  
I wonder why they call'd it so.

A lively scene on turf and road;  
The crowd is bravely drest:  
The Ladies' Mile has overflow'd,  
The chairs are in request:

The nimble air, so soft and clear,  
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath these pleasant trees,—  
And drop my bridle-rein,  
And, quite alone, indulge at ease  
The philosophic vein:  
I'll moralize on all I see—  
Yes, it was all arranged for me!

Now here is a poem (there are eight verses, but the first three are fairly representative) which is included in the privately printed and tiny volume, containing the pick of Mr. Locker's work, for which Mr. Austin Dobson wrote, by way of preface, the well-known stanza:

Apollo made, one April day,  
A new thing in the rhyming way;  
Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,  
It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;  
Then Momus gave a touch satiric,  
And it became a "London Lyric."

The same poem, "Rotten Row," is given the place of honor in the selection from "London Lyrics" which appears in Mr. A. H. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Century;" it has been singled out for special mention by Mr. Austin Dobson; and it stands as representative of Mr. Locker's work in several anthologies. One cannot but feel some diffidence in expressing an opinion contrary to such a verdict, but if this poem represents the Muse of Society, it shows her as she appears at the fag-end of the season, when her fancy, like her cheeks, has lost its freshness from a long course of late hours and hot rooms. It is a jaded, faded muse to whom we listen—a muse who springs upon us no pleasing surprise in the way of whimsical rhymes or graceful fancies. On the contrary, the rhymes and the metre are as hackneyed and as commonplace as the idea, and the whole poem is lacking in distinction. Why it should everywhere be singled out as a typical lyric is hard to say, but as a matter of fact Mr. Locker is indifferently represented in the anthologies. He seems to me to be at his best when he is most himself; at his worst when he affects puns and Hoodisms, and is too consciously trying to be funny. The anthologists, however, appear to think

otherwise; for, while among the half-dozen anthologies which I have examined I find "Rotten Row," and such work as "To Parents and Guardians" and "My Son Johnny," included, not one of the six contains the original and altogether delightful lines, "A Human Skull," of which I will venture to copy, by way of contrast, a few verses:

A human skull! I bought it passing  
cheap,  
No doubt 'twas dearer to its first employer!  
I thought mortality did well to keep  
Some mute memento of the Old  
Destroyer.

Time was, some may have prized its  
blooming skin;  
Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender;  
Some may have chuck'd what was a  
dimpled chin,  
And never had my doubt about its  
gender.

Did She live yesterday or ages back?  
What color were her eyes when bright  
and waking?  
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or  
black,  
Poor little Head! that long has done  
with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random  
shots)  
Thy brains, Eliza Fry! or Baron  
Byron's  
The wits of Nelly Gwynne, or Doctor  
Watts,—  
Two quoted bards—Two philanthropic  
sirens.

But this, I trust, is clearly understood;  
If man or woman—if adored or hated—  
Whoever owned this skull was not so  
good,  
Nor quite so bad, as many may have  
stated.

## II.

Mr. Locker had a curious habit of giving prominence to the stanzas or lines which pleased him most by detaching them from the context, and making them do duty elsewhere as headings. There is a quatrain of his in which the World—grown tired of being preached at for so many centuries by

Religion—turns, like the proverbial worm, and preaches a scathing sermon at the worldliness and the worthlessness of much that passes for religion:

They eat, and drink, and scheme and plod,

They go to church on Sunday;

And many are afraid of God—

And more of Mrs. Grundy.

Every one knows the lines, and that they appear in the later edition of "London Lyrics" as a prefix to "Beggars." But every one may not know that the quatrain was originally part of a poem called "The Jester's Plea," published in 1862 in a volume of poems by several hands, "entitled 'An Offering to Lancashire.'" "The Jester's Plea," though it was included in the now rare "Selections from the Work of Frederick Locker," which was illustrated by Richard Doyle and published in 1865 in Moxon's "Miniature Poets," is represented in "London Lyrics" only by the quatrain I have quoted.

Mr. Locker was constantly pulling his work about in this way, sometimes grafting a whole passage from one poem upon another, sometimes inverting, altering, and, not seldom, entirely discarding verses which many of his admirers might have wished retained. I may instance a quatrain which is not included in the single volume of original verse by which, and which only, Mr. Locker desired to be remembered.

So far from being unworthy of preservation, it seems to me to recall George Herbert; and, lest any reader should think the comparison between a writer of occasional verse and a writer of sacred poems incongruous, let me add that, though Mr. Locker never paraded his religion, it was none the less sincere; and let me add also that the depth of the serious side of his nature was often unsuspected because seldom shown.

And, like yon clock, when twelve shall sound,

To call our souls away,

Together may our hands be found,

An earnest that we pray.

That so quaint and antique a conceit should be discarded will make more than one reader doubt whether Mr.

Locker's habit of re-writing and rejecting was altogether a course to be thankful for. But how incurable was the desire to re-write may be instanced from an interesting volume in my possession. He was singularly happy in his poems about children, and in the last (the twelfth) edition of "London Lyrics," the fourth and fifth stanzas of which have already been considerably changed from their first rendering, stand as follows:

As time runs on, she'll still be rich  
In much that's left, the joys with which  
Our love can aye supply us;  
For hand in hand we'll sit us down  
Right cheerfully, and let the town—  
This foolish town—go by us.

Dinky, we must resign our toys  
To younger girls, to finer boys,  
But we'll not care a feather;  
For then (reflection's not regret),  
Though you'll be rather old! we'll yet  
Be Boy and Girl together.

Not long after the issue of the last edition of "London Lyrics," Mr. Locker sent the present writer a copy of his book "Patchwork," in which he had made several annotations and explanatory notes and some changes. In this volume the verses quoted above are altered as follows. Remembering how recently the alterations were made, that in the fifth stanza has now a mournful interest:

So be it, may they still be rich  
In all that's best, the joys with which  
Their love can aye supply them;  
Then hand in hand they'll sit them  
down  
Right cheerfully, and let the town—  
This foolish town—go by them.

Dinky, I must resign the toys  
I've loved so well to finer boys,  
For I have had due warning.  
Farewell to all this dear delight,  
Content am I to say good-night,  
And hope for better morning.

### III.

If self-consciousness denote underbreeding, as not many will deny, and if the essence of all good writing, as of good manners be, as Mr. George Saintsbury has told us, ease—then was Mr.



Locker most assuredly of the aristocracy of letters. Just as in the man who comes of gentle blood, and who is also a citizen of the world in the best sense, we see perfect self-possession combined with unaffected grace of manners, so in the work of the writer who holds a corresponding place in the world of letters, we find unstudied ease and distinction of style which are recognizable at a glance.

And though Mr. Locker had his literary limitations—though his work was not marked by dramatic or creative power, any more than by originality of thought—the grace of “style” dignifies everything to which he put his hand. It is apparent even in the books which he edited, as well as in the books which he wrote. The charm of his anthology of social verse, “*Lyra Elegantiarum*,” is entirely of the editor’s individuality. Its very want of method in arrangement—as a rule a most serious defect in an anthology—reminds one of Herick’s “sweet disorder” that does

More bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

And what is true of “*Lyra Elegantiarum*”—the recent edition of which would have been more satisfactory had the circumstances permitted the distribution of the old type, and the setting up of the book anew—is true of his book of promiscuous selections, “*Patchwork*.” Absolutely without method as it is, the dealing with such widely different subjects as “*Tight Boots*,” and “*Patriotism*,” “*Public Worship*” and “*Excuses for Drinking*,” the volume is the most delightful of desultory reading. The editor’s “*Notes*,” like the editor’s preface to “*Lyra Elegantiarum*,” are especially attractive, for few writers of his day could give point to an epigram or turn a sentence more prettily than he. So pellucid are some of the happiest passages in his prose, so crisply conversational, and yet so courtly in the phrasing, that one might well fancy they had been recorded, not by means of commonplace pen, paper, and ink, but had been found diamonded upon the window-pane of some old Elizabethan castle. And of Mr. Locker,

Fénelon’s hackneyed saying that a man’s style is nearly as much a part of himself as his physiognomy or his figure was exceptionally true. With him many might be intimate, but none familiar. And yet his gift of adaptability was so great that he could, by his kingly courtesy and singular sweetness of disposition, as easily charm a churlish old print-seller into civility as he could, by some graceful compliment, make bright the eyes of a society beauty. He has been called the Du Maurier of Song; but, singer of society and man of fashion as he was, his sympathies and his choice of subject were not narrowed by social distinctions. In his tender and graceful poem, “*The Housemaid*,” he shows how sincerely he can enter into humble joys and sorrows. Everybody knows the lyric, but I will venture, by way of reminder, to quote the last three verses:

Oft on a cloudless afternoon  
Of budding May and leafy June,  
Fit Sunday weather,  
I pass thy window by design,  
And wish thy Sunday out and mine  
Might fall together.

For sweet it were thy lot to dower  
With one brief joy: a white-robed flower  
That prude or preacher  
Hardly could deem it were unmeet  
To lay on thy poor path, thou sweet,  
Forlorn young Creature.

But if her thought on wooing run,  
And if her Sunday Swain is one  
Who’s fond of strolling,  
She’d like my nonsense less than his,  
And so it’s better as it is—  
And that’s consoling.

Mr. Locker’s accomplished relative, Mr. Augustine Birrell, is, I believe, responsible for the phrase “sentiment, that odious onion,” but Mr. Birrell is not more keen to distinguish between the simple sincerity of pathos and the parade and assumption of sentiment than was the author of “*London Lyrics*.” The way in which, at the close of the poem, he turns aside from what might seem like an approach to the neighborhood of sentiment, by playfully satirizing himself in his self-assumed role of consoler, is very skilful.

But the man who takes his soundings by the fathom-line of humor is not likely to drift upon the quicksands of sentiment; and to say that humor was one of Mr. Locker's most marked characteristics would be to state the case inaccurately. Humor—keen, kindly, and playful—was of the very framework of his being. It was humor which made his sight so clear, his judgment so generous; and humor was the secret alike of his light-heartedness and of his occasional tender melancholy. For the lips of Humor may smile at human folly, but when we look into her eyes, we see them sad at the thought of human sorrow.

## IV.

That the excellence of technique and of taste, and the ease, grace, and restraint which are never absent from Mr. Locker's work, entitle him to rank among the best writers of Occasional Verse, few will deny. As compared with his contemporaries, it will generally be conceded that he shares with Mr. Austin Dobson the highest place. Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Henley have written occasional poems which may challenge comparison with the best; but when the—it is to be hoped, far distant—time comes to draw the final line under the list of their works, and to add up the column, they will be judged by another standard than as writers of *vers de societe*. Between Mr. Dobson and Mr. Locker, then, the honors may be equally divided, and between these brothers in friendship, as in song, no comparison of merits need be instituted. Each has his individual note; each his individual charm. The elder poet is more English and more modern in his choice of subjects than the younger. He sings the nineteenth century in preference to the eighteenth, London in preference to the Luxembourg or the Louvre. But though, like Mr. Dobson, he does not affect the Puritan, and would not deny

A winning wave, deserving note  
In the tempestuous petticoat,

his poems of gallantry, like Mr. Dobson's, are the happiest examples of

work which touches upon the sweet allurements of sex with absolute delicacy and supreme good taste. Like Mr. Dobson, too, he is always simple, urbane, and spontaneous. He is innocent of the poetic frenzy, and, except for the grimly sarcastic note which he struck in the heading to "Beggars," he manifests no desire—to use a phrase of Mr. George Meredith's—"to lash the ages."

That his poetic equipment is slender—consisting, as it does, of one small volume which, since it was first published has been so ruthlessly winnowed and edited that it can be carried in a side-pocket—is not to be gainsaid. But if our gratitude for the exquisite songs he has sung to us is not a little tempered by regretful thought of the songs which remain unsung, as well as of the daintily worded diamond-pointed essays which are written only upon the chamber walls of a brain which will throb with thought no more—we owe it to him to remember that, in these days of diffuseness and over-production, he has given up only his best. That he elected to don the cap and bells when he might have worn the singing robes of the poet; that he preferred to be a perfect lyrist rather than an indifferent organist, is not to be denied; but that we have any just cause for quarrel with him on that score one fails to see. If he was a "minor" poet, he was at least a master of the instrument he touched, which cannot be said of all who would be accounted "major." And if he trained the winged steed Pegasus to amble like any lady's palfrey in the "Row," rather than enter him for the laureate stakes, Mr. Locker has at least spared us the competitive elegy and the jubilee ode.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

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From The National Review.  
AUTUMN SESSIONS IN A BUCHAN GARDEN.

Under the yew-hedge that skirts a broad turf walk there lay something white. Jock—the prize Scotch terrier—spied it first and pulled it out. There it lay at my feet in the sparkle of sun-

shine and dew—the dried-up, shrunken body of a poor little "Narraway wife," so called by the North countryfolk. It might have been taken for an ouzel but for the delicately webbed feet. In the fierce gales of last winter, hundreds of these little auks were driven across the sea from Norway to the Scottish shores, and far inland. They were picked up dead in gardens and fields and on the hillsides. Sometimes they were found alive, but only to survive a day or two. I was told of one that they lifted out of the snow, and fed and cared for, for just one day. On the second day the "wife" died; and her mate, who must have arrived in the night, was found dead beside her cage. In these Norland garden grounds, little details of wild nature occur which to a naturalist are full of interest. Odds and ends occasionally come to light. traces of the small histories and romances that silently run their course, hidden away among the trees and the leaves and roots and stones. It bears no special relation to autumn gardens, and it is an old story now (for it happened fully a week ago!). But it happened here, and I still recall sadly sometimes, the episode of the last end of the kestrel who had lived here in peace, haunting the old tower for the past two years. On summer Sunday afternoons she would perch on the highest branch of a tall fir-tree below the terrace, surveying thence all that went on. One evening something was amiss. The bird flew low, settling near us on the grass, then heavily mounting to her roost on the tower, whence she would watch us for a time, and then fly down again. It was surmised that she had killed and eaten a lost caged dove, and she was sentenced to be shot to-morrow. But "to-morrow" we found the kestrel half-dying in the strawberry beds, and soon she ceased to breathe, and we laid her on the grass for dead. There she remained, dead, till evening. Then I took up the poor bird, stretched her long wings, and smoothed her ruffled plumage. Suddenly, the great beautiful eyes opened wide—gazing full upon me! The soul of the kestrel yet lived, though its body

was dead. In a quiet nook hard by release soon came. *Utter starvation* was ascertained to be the cause of death. Could we but have known! In these early September days, autumn approaches step by step, and we feel that now she is near at hand. Bluebells have almost all faded from grassy banks and roadsides. The limes are yellowing too soon, for their blossoming was late, and they have yet scarce lost their fragrance. The sycamores overhanging the garden wall are embrowned already, reminding one of the chestnut groves of a Titian background. By and by, the sycamore leaves will shrivel off, spotted and unreddened, and lie on the ground in unsightly heaps. Small reminiscences of their golden showers of May return to the still green laburnums, in scattered points of yellow; but the gardens of Scotland have only now attained their zenith; and it is of Scotch gardens only, and the glory of them, that I can write, since for years past I have not known an English autumnal season. Far down below the window where I sit, lies a garden which, in its way, is perhaps unique. An old tower and weed-grown ivied ruins command a wide green terrace, nearly the eighth of a mile in length, built on the rock. The terrace is brilliant at this time with clumps and long borders within box-edgings, of varied tints of scarlet and orange and blue. At the eastern end stands the modern castle; and away in the distant west rises the lovely peak of Bennachie—ever fair and never the same—whether robed in lilac mists,—or deep violet-purple against the amber sunset: or in winter, wearing his white night-cap. Just in front of the tower there was once a garden pavilion of the old French style in vogue two hundred years ago. A flight of stone stairs led down through the pavilion into the yew-garden. The upper pavilion room, or parlor, has long since disappeared, and the stairs are now outside, overhung with ivy and wild wreaths of trumpet honeysuckle. The yew-garden is enclosed within grey granite walls of immense size and thickness. In the midst upon about one

acre or so of lawn, stand the grand old yews, as for centuries they have stood. Fourteen in number, there they still remain, despite time and climate, which have dealt sorely with them, and have broken here and there their ordered ranks. These yew-trees are of great size, and their branches of enormous spread. Though a few are scattered and bare, yet they carry well their dark green burthen of, may be, six hundred years, so far as can be guessed. There once were two narrow avenues of limes flanking the yews on either hand. But these were felled a score of years ago, and only the memory of them is left. Well did we know the use of these green aisles for solitude and meditation; when we were fain to say:—

"Friends and companions get you gone  
'Tis my desire to be alone. . . .

No gem, no treasure, like to this."  
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile  
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,  
A thousand pleasures do me bless  
And crown my soul with happiness.

Or for long quiet talks with one or two—pacing up and down in the cool sweet shade, long ago, in the days that are no more. The lost lime-alleys have their regrets, as also has the tall gean-tree or wild cherry. It was but a poor looking tree all summer; but in autumn how it flamed out into crimson and gold! In an open space in the centre of the garden is the fine old sundial of James the Second's time: which, with its three lichen-mottled steps, its dials, and its sculptured column, is supposed to have been brought hither from sunny France. The eight-sided top, or head, is so managed with twenty-four little gnomons in twenty-four circular recesses, as to show the hour in every quarter of the globe! The fountain, too,—picturesque with reeds and water-lilies—scatters its glitter of diamond drops in the gloom of the yew-trees' shade. Here also stood, under the broad shadow of a yew, a green seat. I know that it had been there a hundred years or more; for in the castle drawing-room hangs a crayon portrait, of the date 1783, of a lady dressed in soft white India muslin, with powdered hair. She leans her hand,

holding a blue glove, on the back of that same green garden-seat. I believe it had never received even a new coat of paint since those days! Yet in 1888 it still remained staunch and whole.

Oh, world's inconstancie!  
That which is firm doth flit and fall away  
And that is flitting doth abide and stay!

Under the yews how easily can one dream away a summer's afternoon. Scarce any sound from the outer world comes near. There is the plash of the little fountain, but no song of summer birds or bees. The blackbirds and thrushes are employed in sucking dry the last berries on the gooseberry-bushes, careless of entangling nets. Yellow-hammers flit from tree to tree, or a robin lights down silently, with curious eye-glance, from a branch; or a late brood of grey wagtails chase the flies with merry little runs upon the fountain's edge. We never see here the pied-wagtail, which, like a twinkle of black and silver, is so familiar an enrichment of our English lawns. A sea-gull, one of three flying seawards overhead, drops a grey feather which floats down and rests among the shadows; or the soft furry wing-feather of a tawny owl lying on the moss tells tales of wild night-life in this old shadowy spot. Perchance a white-gleaming mushroom, just on the margin of the lawn, tempts one irresistibly to pluck it, not without misgivings concerning the possibly deadly nature of yew-grown mushrooms. One morning, in October, will suddenly spring up where the shade is deepest some magnificent toad-stool, dyed scarlet, and pearly all over. In the clear lingering light of long June evenings, in other days when the dinner-hour was so much earlier and evenings longer, we used to sit among the yews till curfew tolled at nine o'clock from the old kirk belfrey. The curfew bell still is rung in the village below the castle hill, notwithstanding railway and telegraph and manufactory chimneys; but now it tolls at eight, and it is for the shops to shut. Old customs die hard; and yet how many other things are too soon forgotten! After the lapse

of scarcely forty years, the very site of some well-known house, for instance, will come to be disputed. It is thus with the old feu-house in the village, where Bishop Skinner's father composed the celebrated "Reel of Tulloch-gorum," and which was pulled down less than forty years ago, and which has just been assigned a totally new site. From charters and old records, the strongest reasons exist for believing that, although the yews are much older, the garden and the place were made by Thomas Chrystall, Abbot of Kinloss, and that he built here a great hall and a "tour fortalice." These Churchmen knew well—none better—how to choose their abode! Ythan, famed for trout and salmon, flows not many rods from the garden. The position of the garden is so protected that in former days peaches ripened on the walls. Since direct proof is wanting that the Abbot Chrystall made the place, learned dissertations have been printed, and hot discussions held, to prove that he did not. And the stones of the ruin who know, are dumb, and the ancient trees keep silent. . . . There is shelter in the thick belts of plantation without the walls, whose leaves are mellowing now, prophetic of the autumn; but beyond stretches far and near a wide treeless waste of rich corn and pasture lands. Old grey dykes scarce break the violence of winter storms that ravage and lay low the woods, and of winds that flush the cottage children's cheeks with red. The saying of the countryside, "No need to thin the trees now the Great Forester has come," has all the truth and poetry of folk-lore. With summer, and in these first September days, soft winds, breathing balm of untold sweetness, blow upon us straight from the German Ocean. The coast is so nigh, that after a storm, from the high terrace walk we hear the sound of the troubled sea—a surly monotone, like the low roar of savage beasts in a desolate land. Dreary as is, to English taste, this bare north-east coast, we who love it, presume to hold it dearer than the wild scenery of Highland hills, or even the richer loveliness of Deeside. And when the plough has turned the

yellow fields to brown, the even, never-ending furrows lying across the steep undulating land, seem to wear, for some minds, the suggestiveness of a sketch in pen-and-ink, compared with a finished picture. We have been musing long enough under the gloaming yews; let us come out into the September sunshine, and commune with the flowers. The borders are full of color. In one, there is blue monkshood (*Aconitum autumnale*) full six feet high, like pillars of blue fire, alternate with golden-rod (*Solidago*), sun-flushed *Bocconia*, and feathery spikes of *Aclea serpentaria*. Hosts of humble-bees throng the monkshood, all round and up to the top, hurrying as though their very lives depended on the honey-getting of the hour. They are every one of them the same: black, with dull yellow bands and grey tails. The sheaves of golden-rod, alternate with the monkshood, are entirely left to hordes of flies, not a bee amongst them. As yet *Tritoma*, which later on will make so grand a show, have no sign of flower amid their dense growth of long narrow leaves. There are ranks of snapdragon gay with all imaginable tints, and hedges of cornflower, blue, pink, and white and purple, *Hyacinthus candicans* and gladioli in varied groups, and single dahlias in luxuriantly flowered rows. Alas! that I have to chronicle the fact! long lines also, of yellow calceolaria and china aster! Calceolaria does so thoroughly well in Scotland that too much use, perhaps, is made of it. It is certainly the most uninteresting of "bedding out" flowers. I fear dislike would be a word hardly strong enough for my personal feeling about calceolarias! The color is too raw (unless when they are brown, and that is dismal). Every flower of them comes precisely the same. They never seem to me to be, as God's own children, like other flowers. And yet a single plant of calceolaria growing here and there, alone amid other things, might be tolerated. Blue lobelia,—though a "bedder,"—is delightful, and so are scarlet and variegated geranium. The endless lovely flowers that are grown from seed in patches or broad bands, are surely preferable to the com-



paratively few plants made to serve the dull routine of "bedding out." *Gazania*, with black velvet, gem-studded circlet rayed round with orange, and dwarf larkspur, and clarkia, and candytuft (though that may run in too common a strain). *Phacelia campanulata*, pale primrose-tinted *Platystemon californicus*, *Limnasia Douglasii*, etc.; with a thousand more. *Clarkia*, both pink and white, is an old delightful favorite. Here is a large patch of it in pure white between the apple-trees along one of the grass walks. The effect of the whole is light and fresh and varied. One has to look well into the whole mass to understand how each flower is in form a true Maltese Cross, floriated. Now and again the cross comes out plain, and unfloriated; as if Nature in her haste had neglected to finish off each one the same. It is to be understood that the garden where we wander is of very large extent, and, although the most exquisite order prevails throughout the greater portion of it, some breadths of border have to be left much as they were nearly half a century ago—the older plants of that date being allowed to spread and flourish as they will, while but few new ones have been added in later days. Herbaceous plants increasing into large clumps, are far handsomer than if they had been divided. The double *Geranium pratense*, grown thus, made a fine mass earlier in the year. *Lysimachia verticillata* is in its prime, but evidently impatient of the dryness of the soil. And for the same cause it may be that *Iris* is never seen here, "with her glorious rainbow clothed." There is a rosy mist of phlox while on Japanese anemones, both white and pink, the bloom is finer than is usually seen farther south, and the coloring more vivid. Autumn crocus, white and lilac, single and double, are present everywhere in little knots. How they first come one never seems to know; we did not see them coming; but one day, on a sudden, we chance to look down and they are there in all their beauty. From the farther end of the green vista, some sudden fire of scarlet arrests the eye. It is a plant of

scarlet *tropaeolum* (*Tropaeolum speciosum*) hiding in clouds of glory, the blackness of an Irish yew. In Scotch gardens this thing is absolutely a garden weed. In the south we may break our hearts over coaxing it to grow, yet, grow and thrive it will not. If it would but consent to stay with us in an English home,—for the sake of its perfect color, it should climb and clamber wheresoever the spirit moved it to disport itself. It should mingle with my wild briony, and illuminate each tree.

And catch the neighboring shrub

With clasping tendrils and infest his branch,

Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon,

And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well  
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.

After the flame of the flower has retired, all over the plant appear little round lapis-lazuli beads, two or three sitting together, in tiny open calyx-cups. These remain more or less, for our delight, until the day when frost first strikes down the parent plant. I fear, however, that *Tropaeolum speciosum* may do more harm when it smothers a shrub in its close embrace, than ever did our white briony. Almost everything that does well in England grows even better in Scotland. Where the soil and position of the garden are favorable, they will attain to greater stature, with more than equal luxuriance, while yet their growth is less rank, and, in some indescribable way, of a more obedient character. Could there but be room found for all one wishes in the garden, how many things that grow so well in Aberdeenshire should have a trial! There is *Actaea rubra*, amongst others,—now entirely crimsoned over with clustered berries, and only a foot and a half in height; or St. John's Wort in three varieties, one of them bearing bunches of large yellow flowers; wanting, however, the characteristic stamens which give such charm to the yellow-growing species, here just out in bloom. Then there is the yellow-flowering tree-potentilla; and, to name no others, a honeysuckle, which appears to be quite new, and I know of it in one garden

only; the pyramidal flower-spike, deliciously fragrant, and the leaves glaucous. These all bloom here late in the year, although their period would doubtless be earlier in the south. Pansies always do better in Scotland, for they greatly enjoy the coolness of the soil. In amongst some rhododendrons, one of the common violas has carried out an extraordinary freak. It appears to have imagined the plan of making one believe a small rhododendron-bush to have broken out all over into little lilac heartsease! I stopped to examine the cause of this strange effect, and found that a seedling viola at its root had climbed up through and through the stems and leaves, bestowing thus a second bloom as it were,—of a very opposite kind. There is no second bloom on any roses except the *Devonsiensis* and *Gloire de Dijon*; though Madame Plantier, always bounteous, gave us the last of her *boules de neige* only a few days back.

About the western end of the high terrace clings ever, the grace of a tender memory. At that end is the ivy-covered ruin (a tall round tower), and part of the shell of the old house. Through the empty windows, fair faces in past days have looked out on the yew-garden and the autumn fields beyond. In the tower walls, loopholes and narrow window-slits could tell a sterner tale. Round the corners in August, waved like a white banner, long flowering shoots of syringa. On the smooth turf beneath the windows stands an ancient sundial. It is rudely hewn, rather than carved, in coarse granite, and represents four children's heads turned in opposite directions, the three gnomons standing out from the base. In the lapse of years lichen has gilded over the hair and shoulders. High up on the ruined house-wall, half hidden in the ivy, is seen a small, finely carved stone bearing a shield with a coat of arms and scroll. It was placed here by John Kennedy, a former possessor of the place; on the scroll appears his name and the name of "Isobel Cheyne his Ladye." Of his family motto, "*Avise la fin*," the first word only can be clearly made out. The whole is

crumbling away fast, by stress of years and weather. They were pious folk, these Kennedys, and they gave a silver chalice to the kirk, inscribed "A coup for the Lord's teabell" (table). Nevertheless, Kennedy and his men had afterwards a deadly fight with their neighbor, Forbes, and he had to fly the country. All this happened long after Abbot Chrystall's day, after the church lands had been confiscated. The touch of interest above referred to, however, belongs to later times, now remembered only by one or two. It was fifty years ago, in the golden mists and splendor of mid-autumn, that a new lady of the castle came, and for the first time saw the garden terrace of the long-wished, long-waited for inheritance. She at once set her fancy on that quiet spot near the old tower, and planned a little garden there. Here were planted the flowers she loved the best, and here were brought plants from her own former home in England—lilies of the valley, yellow brier-rose, honeysuckle, and the old-fashioned tea-plant climber; crimson moss-roses, and delicate white geranium dashed with lilac. The little border of gentian and tiny white campanula remains, and the flowers still push up through the weeds, and open in their season. The vases on the wall are there, and the stone seat is in its place. But she never rested there, and she never saw the bloom on her favorite flowers—for early in the summer the eyes of the gentle châtelaine were already closed in sleep. Over the garden door, underneath her name, are graven the words, "*Lux erepta de coelo luceat*." . . . The west border along the terrace, like some others, has not been disturbed for many a year. Here *acanthus* makes an immense growth. It does not spread, but has grown into a bush. Stray blossoms, of right belonging to June, bright red and yellow stars, are shining here and there upon *Schyzostills* and yellow king's spear. *Lilium tigrinum* seems unwilling to let summer go. Double yellow *Potentilla* (*P. Phocbus*) will outlast *Eryngium amethystinum*—the only plant, I believe that exists, with stalks painted ultramarine. *Lythrum superbum roseum*

is flowering off his latest long glowing plumes. It is but a river-side wild flower (loosestrife); yet since cultivation has improved the color and the growth of it, it deserves a first place in the autumn garden. Flowers of the easiest culture have a way of disappearing from a garden sometimes, without any apparent cause. Seven years ago *Agrostemma flos Jovis* gave infinite delight, with its contrast of white leaves and deep crimson bloom. To-day there is not one in all the borders. Another loss is the little *Dianthus*, Napoleon III., a creature of marvellous color, and of florescence so profuse, that care must be taken to get cuttings in good time lest it flower itself to death. Plantain lilies (*Funkia*) have withered away, though their great club-shaped foliage will stay with us another month or so. *Scolymus grandiflorus*, the great yellow thistle by the steps leading to the garden, has turned brown and looks forlorn. Tansy is beginning to be gay with flattened umbels like golden salvers. In old gardening books "Gold of Pleasure" is sometimes named. Could it be this late-blooming tansy? There is also *Tanacetum balsamita* (Cost Mary), a precious second bloom of *Helvetia pubescens rosea*, and the pervading gaiety of *Coreopsis lanceolata*. A few weeks longer, and flower and leaf will, one by one, have ceased from the garden borders, and the grace of the fashion of them must perish and be forgot. Yet has not each one, as it faded and died away, seemed in its way to whisper "I shall arise"? And so, after the winter and hard weather, if we wait and have long patience, we shall see the flowers come again with joy.

E. V. BOYLE.

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AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE PIRATES.

BY MAJOR SHORE.

Taken on the whole, the average Chinaman of the working classes is a plain, thrifty, hard-working specimen of humanity, whose frugal and industrious habits cannot be too highly commended. Side by side, however, there also exists a large criminal class, whose

ranks produce the most unmitigated species of scoundrelism which it is possible to imagine, quite unparalleled in any other country. Cunning, low and brutish by nature; ever on the watch for some piece of devilish knavery, and delighting at all times in deeds of savage cruelty.

The period of my story was just after the close of the first Chinese War—commonly known as the "Opium War" of 1841. I was then stationed at Chusan, a small island (close to the coast of the northern mainland) held by us until the indemnity for the cost of the war had been paid. On the occasion referred to, I had just been obliged to make a journey by water to Ningpoo, an important town about a day's sail up the river; and unavoidable circumstances made it imperative that I should return at once. This could only be done by sailing all night, a particularly hazardous proceeding at that time, as the route literally swarmed with pirates. The small craft of these marauders lay hidden in the numerous creeks by day, swooping down at night on any unlucky boat or small vessel that chanced to pass, unless sufficiently well armed to make the experiment undesirable. The boat I had hired carried a mast and the usual two square sails; it was large and roomy, and provided with sleeping accommodation. This was in the waist, and sheltered from the weather by a frame-work of bamboo, covered with straw matting. The bow and stern rose rather high out of the water; on the former was painted a large eye, after the national custom; and the latter supported a small raised platform, used for rowing during the day, under which the crew—consisting of two men and a boy—stowed themselves away at night. It was with considerable difficulty that I overcame their scruples about sailing after dark, and only at length succeeded by the promise of a double fare. I do not think even this would have sufficed—although a Chinaman, as a rule, will almost do anything for money—if it had not been for the great admiration my two double-barrelled guns inspired; they never having seen such weapons before. Their as-

tonishment at my skill in duck shooting on the upward journey was unbounded, and turned the scale in my favor.

The only other passenger was my little boy, a child of seven, whose mother's illness was the sole cause of my journey. I had just left her at Ningpoo under the care of some kind missionary friends, hoping the change of air might perhaps bring back the hue of health to her faded cheeks, on which consumption had already set its fatal mark; and it was with a heavy heart that I was returning to resume my duties. I loaded my two double-barrels with an extra charge of duck shot before turning in for the night. Not that I had any serious belief that they would ever be required, but principally to satisfy the native crew—who watched the operation with expressions of childish delight, giving vent to their feelings in a series of "Hi, Yaws!"—and also partly to satisfy myself in case anything might occur.

I had lingered a short time over my pipe in the clear starlight. A gentle and fresh breeze was blowing, just sufficient to fill the sails, and we were dropping quietly down the river without the fatigue of rowing. Everything looked still and peaceful as I lay down, and I was soon asleep. I woke about midnight, looked at my watch, and saw that my boy was all right. I did the same at three, and had just dropped off again, when I was suddenly roused by one of the boatmen, who was kneeling beside me, trembling all over. He spoke in low tones, though evidently excited, and implored me in broken English to get up at once, as the dreaded "*Quy T'zye* (robbers) were coming, and that we should be soon all murdered, and the boat captured. I required no second admonition, but seizing the guns which lay beside me, hurried out at once, having, luckily, not undressed.

The day was just breaking, and the chilly air made me shiver. I looked round, but could see nothing; the light of the stars was waning, and a slight mist, which hid the banks on either side, prevented my seeing far ahead. The mist was, however, lifting fast, and streaks of early dawn already appeared on the eastern horizon. I peered

steadily all round for a minute or two, but could discover nothing. I was just about to turn away, thinking it was a false alarm, when my attendant held up his finger in a listening attitude! After a short pause I seemed to hear the faint sound of oars in the distance, which, from their regular swing, appeared to come from a tolerably large boat bearing down on our port bow. He pointed eagerly in that direction, and I shall never forget the expression of his face, which was simply ghastly with terror, as he stood shivering and trembling in the cold grey light. Looking through the haze, I discovered the unmistakable outline of a boat coming rapidly towards us. Turning round, I found my friend fled, leaving me to my own reflections, which were not of the most agreeable nature. That the boat contained a gang of cut-throats, I had no manner of doubt, and their object murder and pillage, was equally patent. But how to prevent it?

I still had a few minutes to reflect before they were alongside, and I began to take stock of the situation. *I was alone!* well knowing that I could expect no help from the cowardly crew, who were lying huddled up in the stern, paralyzed with terror, or, if they had any reason left, were doubtless already devising means of making terms, and thus saving themselves. To surrender, however, would have been madness, knowing well that whatever *their* fate might be, *my fate*, and that of my child (being hated Europeans), would be most certainly sealed. My only hope, therefore, lay in boldly facing them, trusting the surprise and the unexpected warm reception they would meet with from an unseen quarter would lead them to suspect the presence of superior numbers. I was, however, still loth to begin the attack; but the sight of the murderous lot—as I could now more plainly see them—removed any doubts as to their intentions, and lingering qualms that I had hitherto felt.

There they stood, crowding together in the bow of the boat, naked almost to the waist, the famous pig-tails wound round their heads, which together with their partly shaven

crowns, served to give an additional air of savagery to features already sufficiently repulsive. The odds were fearful, as from a hasty glance, snatched from behind the bow rail, I saw there could not be less than twenty of them, all standing ready to spring on board. Those in front held long glittering knives unsheathed in their hands, while some at the oars had naked daggers stuck in the folds of their coiled up pigtails. From my knowledge of the Chinese character there was much of mere bravado in all this, something of a theatrical get up—a kind of stage thunder, so to speak, intended to overawe the native crew, as they evidently thought there were no others on board. But at the same time I was well aware that it would be useless to parley with such villains; it would only have had the effect of betraying our weakness. It was a critical moment. Everything was as still as death as I crouched under the rail. I heard my watch ticking quite distinctly, and felt my heart throbbing, and wondered how soon both would cease forever. Instinctively my thoughts travelled to my dear wife's bedside, and to my poor boy, lying all unconscious within a few feet of me. His tender limbs would soon be hacked by those villainous knives. This last thought decided me. Picking up my nearest gun, I placed the other "ready" across my knee, removed the old caps, replaced them by new ones, for I could not afford the chance of a miss fire. A brace of holster pistols that lay at my feet also required similar attention—revolvers and breachloaders, I need scarcely say, being at that time unknown. I knew that at close quarters one man for each barrel might be reckoned on, perhaps six in all; but then, should I not be overpowered before the reloading? My only chance lay, therefore, in preventing their getting on board, by opening fire at just sufficient distance to allow the shot to spread a little, and be thus far more effective.

The boat was now not more than thirty yards off. I was still crouching hidden from sight, and just peeped over to take a final look before commencing

operations, when something from behind me touched my shoulder. Looking round, there was the face of my wondering boy, who having missed me, had crawled out to see what was the matter. There was no time to speak, but passing my hand hastily over his face, I motioned him to lie down at my feet. He did so at once, as if by instinct, and mechanically taking up my spare gun, he prepared to hand it up when wanted, as he had been in the habit of doing on previous occasions when shooting on the river. Other game, however, was now in store. I peered over the rail for the last time; the miscreants were now only about fifteen yards off, evidently with no idea of the warm reception awaiting them. The rowers had ceased rowing, the impetus already given being sufficient to bring them alongside. There they stood clustered together, their bare heads almost touching each other, with knives in hand ready to spring. It was now or never.

Dropping on one knee, and pushing the gun at the same time cautiously through the railings, I took deliberate aim, held my breath till their heads were within ten yards of the muzzle, and then, without a note of warning, *let fly both barrels bang in their faces.* Never shall I forget the unearthly yell that followed the report, and startled the morning air. It was not altogether a yell, but a fiendish screech of unexpected agony. The instant the smoke cleared, a shocking sight presented itself. The boat was drifting alongside, but its crew were in the most helpless confusion. Those in the bow were mostly stricken or had fallen down, and lay writhing in agony. Those in the waist were cowering or flying in terror from the unseen and unexpected calamity; while others astern were pressing forward over the prostrate bodies to ascertain the cause of such a sudden collapse. There was no time to be lost, as they would probably soon recover from the panic.

Stiffing my emotion, and turning partly away from the sickening sight directly in front, I pointed the other gun at those in the waist and stern, and fired more deliberately this time, paus-



ing slightly between each shot. Again the unearthly yells arose, the confusion increased tenfold, as the boat dropped astern, drifting helplessly without guidance or steerage.

Though relieved from immediate danger, I knew it would not be safe to rely much on what would perhaps prove only a temporary panic. I had been obliged to stand up when firing the last two shots, and they must have thus discovered that I was alone in my resistance, and fighting single-handed. It therefore behoved me to prepare for another attack. I had only about half completed reloading, when a ball suddenly whizzed past my head, followed by a loud report, and splintering the mast close by. Springing to the rail, pistol in hand, I saw that the shot had come from a small swivel-gun in the bow of my opponent's boat. The man who had fired was still standing, match in hand, shouting and waving the crew to return again to the attack. Tall and powerful in appearance, he loomed large against the sky line. One arm was outstretched, pointing the lighted portfire in our direction; with the other he grasped an oar and endeavored to induce his cowardly companions to turn round.

I saw at once that he was their leader, and if his act were successful, it would be all over with us. There was no time for hesitation; his purpose was already half accomplished, from the fact that the two boats being allowed to drift, were not more than a dozen yards apart. Cocking and raising my long-barrelled pistol—steady myself at the same time against the mast—I covered him carefully before firing; and waited until his body became quite steady, as he swung round with the turning boat. At that moment his tall and commanding figure, standing alone in the prow, presented a clear target against the morning sky. The portfire still burned, and blazed for a second, casting a lurid gleam on his upturned face as I pressed the trigger.—Bang! Instantly both arms shot upwards, the head sank upon the breast, and tottering forward he fell head foremost into the dark water. The smoking portfire hissed and spluttered for an instant,

marking the spot where "the flood closed o'er him."

This was enough; with the loss of their leader, no further attempt was made to rally, but all fled as fast as oars could carry them. I raised the other pistol, with the momentary intention of giving them a parting shot, but dropped my arm, having no wish to inflict further loss now they were beaten off. When I came down and kissed the pale face of my half-dazed boy, the crew came forward, fawning and grovelling, praising my courage *ad nauseam*; I was disgusted, and quickly got rid of them.

It was now broad day, and I saw that we were rapidly nearing the mouth of the river, being then about abreast of Ching Hae. We soon rounded the last point, and the welcome sight of dancing waves sparkling in the morning sun revived my drooping energies. The pure salt breeze seemed never so welcome; and after a cup of hot tea, I threw myself down to get some rest before landing.

Immediately on arrival I reported the circumstance to the proper authorities; and it afterwards transpired that my assailants—who belonged to a well-known gang—were a terror to all wayfarers on the river. The traders passing to and fro were too glad to purchase immunity for their goods on any terms; as these depredators set all authority at defiance, whether native or foreign. It was reported that their chief headquarters was a large junk, moored in one of the creeks not far from Ching Hae; and the boat by which we were attacked was a kind of "tender" to the large vessel. It further transpired, that, out of a crew of twenty or upwards six had been killed outright; several severely wounded—and hardly one had entirely escaped the effects of the scattering duck shot.

Furthermore, it appeared that they had no idea that Europeans were on board, or they would have been more careful in their mode of attack; and would not have exposed themselves so recklessly. As it was, the lesson learnt bore good fruit; no further outrage of a similar nature occurred during our occupation, which was soon after brought to a close.

